THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. III.

901

CONTAINING HIS

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.
II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.
III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD's SUPPER.

Rev. v. 9. And they ſung a new ſong ſaying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou waſt ſlain, and haſt redeemed us.

Soliti eſſent (i. e. Chriſtiani) convenire, carmenque Chriſto quaſi Deo dicere. PLIN. in Epiſt.

Hail, heav'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies.——With thought ſublime
And high ſonorous words thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN,

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While WATTS! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

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901

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe!——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs,
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join }
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line, }
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine. } BRITANNICUS.

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PREFACE.

WHILE we ſing the praiſes of our God in his church we are employed in that part of worſhip which of all others is the neareſt akin to heaven, and it is pity that this of all others ſhould be performed the worſt upon earth. The goſpel brings us nearer to the heavenly ſtate than all the former diſpenſations of God amongſt men; and in theſe laſt days of the goſpel we are brought almoſt within ſight of the kingdom of our Lord, yet we are very much unacquainted with the ſongs of the New Jeruſalem, and unpractiſed in the work of praiſe. To ſee the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtleſs air, that ſits upon the faces of a whole aſſembly while the pſalm is on their lips might tempt even a charitable obſerver to ſuſpect the fervency of inward religion, and it is much to be feared that the minds of moſt of the worſhippers are abſent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching in the beſt churches ſtill want ſome degrees of refor-

mation, nor are the methods of prayer ſo perfect as to ſtand in need of no correction or improvement; but of all our religious ſolemnities pſalmody is the moſt unhappily managed, that every action which ſhould elevate us to the moſt delightful and divine ſenſations doth not only flat our devotion but too often awaken our regret, and touches all the ſprings of uneaſineſs within us.

I have been long convinced that one great occaſion of this evil ariſes from the matter and words to which we confine all our ſongs: ſome of them are almoſt oppoſite to the ſpirit of the goſpel, many of them foreign to the ſtate of The New Teſtament, and widely different from the preſent circumſtances of Chriſtians: hence it comes to paſs that when ſpiritual affections are excited within us, and our ſouls are raiſed a little above this earth, in the beginning of a pſalm we are checked on a ſudden in our aſcent toward heaven by ſome expreſſions that are moſt ſuited to the days of carnal ordinances, and fit only to be ſung in the worldly ſanctuary. When we are juſt entering into an evangelick frame by ſome of the glories of the goſpel preſented in the brighteſt figures of Judaiſm, yet the very next line perhaps which the Clerk parcels out unto us hath ſomething in it ſo extremely Jewiſh and cloudy that darkens our ſight of God the Saviour. Thus by keeping too cloſe to David in the houſe of God the

veil of Moses is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love by the meditations of the lovingkindness of God, and the multitude of his tender mercies, within a few verses some dreadful curse against men is proposed to our lips, that God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteousness, but blot them out of the book of the living, *Psal.* lxix. 26, 27, 28. which is so contrary to the new commandment of loving our enemies, and even under The Old Testament is best accounted for by referring it to the spirit of prophetick vengeance. Some sentences of the Psalmist that are expressive of the temper of our own hearts and the circumstances of our lives may compose our spirits to seriousness, and allure us to a sweet retirement within ourselves; but we meet with a following line which so peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of David or of Asaph that breaks off our song in the midst; our consciences are affrighted lest we should speak a falsehood unto God. Thus the powers of our souls are shocked on a sudden, and our spirits ruffled before we have time to reflect that this may be sung only as a history of ancient saints; and perhaps in some instances that salvo is hardly sufficient neither; besides, it almost always spoils the devotion by breaking the uniform thread of it; for while our lips and our hearts run on sweetly

together, applying the words to our own case, there is something of divine delight in it; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips speak nothing but the heart of David. Thus our own hearts are as it were forbid the pursuit of the song, and then the harmony and the worship grow dull of mere necessity.

Many ministers and many private Christians have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wished rather than attempted a reformation At their importunate and repeated requests I have for some years past devoted many hours of leisure to this service. Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the book of Psalms in publick worship; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself: it is the most artful, most devotional, and divine collection, of poesy, and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven than some parts of that book: never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written and so justly reverenced and admired; but it must be acknowledged still that there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days to assume as its own: there are also many deficiencies of light and glory which our Lord Jesus and his apostles have supplied in the writings of The New Testament; and with this advantage I have composed these Spiritual Songs which are now presented to the

world: nor is the attempt vainglorious or presuming; for in respect of clear evangelical knowledge "The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than "all the Jewish prophets," *Mat*. xi. 11.

Now let me give a short account of the following Composures.

The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the gospel and the most common affairs of Christians. I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons either of private or of publick worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit and conditions of our life are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the blessed Spirit, all conversing with God the Father by the new and living way of access to the throne, even the person and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. To him also, even to the Lamb that was slain and now lives, I have addressed many a song; for thus doth the holy scripture instruct and teach us to worship in the various short patterns of Christian Psalmody described in the Revelation. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of Chri-

ſtianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and "ſing his praiſes with underſtanding," *Pſal.* xlvii. 7. The contentions and diſtinguiſhing words of ſects and parties are ſecluded, that whole aſſemblies might aſſiſt at the harmony, and different churches join in the ſame worſhip, without offence.

If any expreſſions occur to the reader that favour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may obſerve theſe are generally ſuch as are capable of an extenſive ſenſe, and may be uſed with a charitable latitude. I think it is moſt agreeable that what is provided for publick ſinging ſhould give to ſincere conſciences as little diſturbance as poſſible. However, where any unpleaſing word is found he that leads the worſhip may ſubſtitute a better; for bleſſed be God we are not confined to the words of any man in our publick ſolemnities.

The whole book is written in four ſorts of metre, and fitted to the moſt common tunes. I have ſeldom permitted a ſtop in the middle of a line, and ſeldom left the end of a line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy mixture of reading and ſinging, which cannot preſently be reformed. The metaphors are generally ſunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have aimed at eaſe of numbers and ſmoothneſs of ſound, and endeavoured to make the ſenſe plain and

obvious. If the verſe appears ſo gentle and flowing as to incur the cenſure of feebleneſs, I may honeſtly affirm that ſometimes it coſt me labour to make it ſo: ſome of the beauties of poeſy are neglected, and ſome wilfully defaced. I have thrown out the lines that were too ſonorous, and have given an allay to the verſe, leſt a more exalted turn of thought or language ſhould darken or diſturb the devotion of the weakeſt ſouls. But hence it comes to paſs that I have been forced to lay aſide many Hymns after they were finiſhed, and utterly exclude them from this volume, becauſe of the bolder figures of ſpeech that crowded themſelves into the verſe, and a more unconfined variety of number, which I could not eaſily reſtrain.

Theſe, with many other divine and moral compoſures, are now printed in a ſecond edition of the poems entitled *Horæ Lyricæ*; for as in that book I have endeavoured to pleaſe and profit the politer part of mankind without offending the plainer ſort of Chriſtians, ſo in this it has been my labour to promote the pious entertainments of ſouls truly ſerious, even of the meaneſt capacity, and at the ſame time if poſſible not to give diſguſt to perſons of richer ſenſe and nicer education; and I hope in the preſent volume this end will appear to be purſued with much greater happineſs than in the firſt impreſſion of it, though the world aſſures me the former has not much reaſon to complain.

The whole is divided into Three Books.

In the *firſt* I have borrowed the ſenſe and much of the form of the ſong from ſome particular portions of ſcripture, and have paraphraſed moſt of the doxologies in The New Teſtament that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical, and many parts of The Old Teſtament alſo that have a reference to the times of the Meſſiah. In theſe I expect to be often cenſured for a too religious obſervance of the words of ſcripture, whereby the verſe is weakened and debaſed according to the judgment of the criticks; but my whole deſign was to aid the devotion of Chriſtians, ſo more eſpecially in this part; and I am ſatisfied I ſhall hereby attain two ends, namely, aſſiſt the worſhip of all ſerious minds, to whom the expreſſions of ſcripture are ever dear and delightful, and gratify the taſte and inclination of thoſe who think nothing muſt be ſung unto God but the tranſlations of his own word. Yet you will always find in this paraphraſe dark expreſſions enlightened, and the Levitical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of ſpeech changed into the worſhip of the goſpel, and explained in the language of our time and nation; and what would not bear ſuch an alteration is omitted and laid aſide. After this manner ſhould I rejoice to ſee a good part of the book of Pſalms fitted for the uſe of our churches, and David converted into a Chriſtian: but becauſe I cannot perſuade others

to attempt this glorious work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin it, and have through divine goodness already proceeded half way through.

The *second part* consists of Hymns whose form is of mere human composure; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part; but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection, and the light exceeded the heat; yet I hope in many of them the reader will find that devotion dictated the song, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and secretaries to the heart; nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figures comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and sixty-eighth Psalms, several chapters of Job, and other poetical parts of scripture: and in this respect I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to The Holy Bible.

I have prepared the *third part* only for the celebration of The Lord's Supper, that in imitation of our blessed Saviour we might sing an hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find some paraphrases of scripture and some other compositions. There are above an hundred hymns in the two former parts that may very properly be used in this ordinance, and sometimes perhaps appear more suitable than any of these last; but there are expressions generally used in these which confine them only to the table of the Lord, and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord who inhabits the praises of Israel shall refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody amongst the churches, yet I humbly hope that his blessed Spirit will make these composures useful to private Christians; and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations to assist the devout and the retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation of my labours, my heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and vow in the first publication, and it is now my duty to acknowledge to him with thankfulness how useful he has made these Compositions already to the comfort and edification of societies and of private persons; and upon the same grounds I have a better

proſpect and a bigger hope of much more ſervice to the church by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in Sion ſhall favour it with his continued bleſſing.

Note, "In all the longer hymns, and in ſome of the "ſhorter, there are ſeveral ſtanzas included in crotch-"ets thus [ ], which ſtanzas may be left out in ſing-"ing without diſturbing the ſenſe. Thoſe parts are "alſo included in ſuch crotchets which contain words "too poetical for meaner underſtandings, or too par-"ticular for whole congregations, to ſing. But after "all it is beſt in publick pſalmody for the miniſter to "chuſe the particular parts and verſes of the pſalm or "hymn that is to be ſung, rather than leave it to the "judgment or caſual determination of him that leads "the tune."

Note, "Since the ſixth edition of this book the Au-"thor has finiſhed what he had ſo long promiſed, "*viz*. The Pſalms of David imitated in the language "of The New Teſtament, which the world ſeems to "have received with approbation, by the ſale of ſome "thouſands in a year's time. It is preſumed that that "book, in conjunction with this, may appear to be "ſuch a ſufficient proviſion for pſalmody as to an-"ſwer moſt occaſions of the Chriſtian life; and if an

"author's own opinion may be taken, he esteems it "the greatest work that ever he has published, or "ever hopes to do, for the use of the churches."

March 3 1720.

TABLE

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

Note, The letters a, b, c, *denote the first, second, or third Book; the figures direct to the Hymn.*

A

	B.	H.
Adore and tremble, for our God,	a	42
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,	b	9
All mortal vanities be gone,	a	25
And are we wretches yet alive,	b	105
And must this body die,	b	110
And now the scales have left mine eyes,	b	81
Arise my soul, my joyful pow'rs,	b	82
At thy command our dearest Lord,	c	19
Attend while God's exalted Son,	b	130
Awake my heart, arise my tongue,	a	20
Awake our souls, away our fears,	a	48
Away from ev'ry mortal care,	b	123

B

Backward with humble shame we look,	a	57
Begin my tongue some heav'nly theme,	b	69
Behold how sinners disagree,	a	131
Behold the blind their sight receive,	b	137
Behold the glories of the Lamb,	a	1
Behold the grace appears,	a	3
Behold the potter and the clay,	a	117
Behold the rose of Sharon here,	a	68

	B. H.
Behold the woman's promis'd feed,	b 135.
Behold the wretch whofe luft and wine,	a 123
Behold what wondrous grace,	a 64
Blefs'd are the humble fouls that fee,	a 102
Blefs'd be the everlafting God,	a 26
Blefs'd be the Father and his love,	c 26
Blefs'd is the man whofe cautious feet,	a 31
Blefs'd morning! whofe young dawning rays,	b 72
Blefs'd with the joys of innocence,	b 128
Blood has a voice that moves the fkies,	b 118
Bright King of glory! dreadful God!	b 51
Broad is the road that leads to death,	b 158
Bury'd in fhadows of the night,	a 97
But few among the carnal wife,	a 96
C	
Can creatures to perfection find,	b 170
Chrift and his crofs is all our theme,	a 119
Come all harmonious tongues,	b 84
Come deareft Lord! defcend and dwell,	a 135.
Come happy fouls, approach your God,	b 103
Come hither all ye weary fouls,	a 127
Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,	b 34
Come let us join a joyful tune,	c 8
Come let us join our cheerful fongs,	a 62
Come let us lift our joyful eyes,	b 108.
Come let us lift our voices high,	c 21
Come we that love the Lord,	b 30

D

	B.	H.
Daughters of Sion come, behold,	a	72
Dear Lord! behold our sore distress,	b	163
Dearest of all the names above,	b	148
Death cannot make our souls afraid,	b	49
Death may dissolve my body now,	a	27
Death! 't is a melancholy day,	b	52
Deceiv'd by subtile snares of hell,	a	107
Deep in the dust before thy throne,	a	124
Descend from heav'n immortal Dove,	b	23
Do we not know that solemn word,	a	122
Down headlong from their native skies,	b	96
Dread Sov'reign! let my ev'ning song,	b	7
E		
Ere the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,	a	2
Eternal Sov'reign of the sky,	b	149
Eternal Spirit, we confess,	b	133
F		
Faith is the brightest evidence,	a	120
Far from my thoughts vain world be gone,	b	15
Father! I long, I faint, to see,	b	68
Father! we wait to feel thy grace,	c	24
Firm and unmov'd are they,	a	23
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,	a	138
From heav'n the sinning angels fell,	b	97
From thee my God my joys shall rise,	b	75

G

	B. H.
Gentiles by nature, we belong,	a 114
Give me the wings of faith to rise,	b 140
Glory to God the Trinity,	c 29
Glory to God that walks the sky,	b 59
Glory to God the Father's name,	c 27
God is a Spirit just and wise,	a 136
God of the morning, at whose voice,	a 79
God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice	b 70
God! the eternal awful name,	b 27
God who in various methods told,	a 53
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord,	a 128
Go worship at Immanuel's feet,	a 146
Great God! how infinite art thou,	b 67
Great God! I own thy sentence just,	a 6
Great God! thy glories shall employ,	b 167
Great God! to what a glorious height,	b 112
Great King of glory and of grace,	b 159
Great was the day, the joy was great,	b 144

H

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,	a 134
Happy the church, thou sacred place,	b 64
Happy the heart where graces reign,	b 38
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,	b 63
Hark! the Redeemer from on high,	a 70
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims,	a 18
Hence from my soul sad thoughts be gone,	b 73

	B.	H.
Here at thy croſs my dying God,	b	4
High as the heav'ns above the ground,	b	115
High on a hill of dazzling light,	b	18
Hoſanna, &c.	c	42, 45
Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King,	b	89
Hoſanna to the Prince of light,	b	76
Hoſanna to the royal Son,	a	16
Hoſanna, with a cheerful ſound,	b	8
How are thy glories here diſplay'd,	c	25
How beauteous are their feet,	a	10
How can I ſink with ſuch a prop,	b	116
How condeſcending and how kind,	c	4
How full of anguiſh is the thought,	b	110
How heavy is the night,	a	98
How honourable is the place,	a	8
How large the promiſe, how divine,	a	113
How oft' have ſin and Satan ſtrove,	a	139
How rich are thy proviſions Lord,	c	12
How ſad our ſtate by nature is,	b	90
How ſhall I praiſe th' eternal God,	b	166
How ſhort and haſty is our life,	b	32
How ſhall the ſons of Adam's race,	a	86
How ſtrong thine arm is mighty God,	a	49
How ſweet and awful is the place,	c	13
How vain are all things here below,	b	48
How wondrous great, how glorious bright,	b	87

I	B.	H.
I cannot bear thine abſence Lord,	b	117
I give immortal praiſe,	c	38
I hate the tempter and his charms,	b	156
I lift my banners ſaith the Lord,	a	29
I love the windows of thy grace,	b	145
I 'm not aſham'd to own my Lord,	a	103
I ſend the joys of earth away,	b	11
I ſing my Saviour's wondrous death,	b	114
Jehovah ſpeaks, let Iſrael hear,	a	8
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high,	b	168
Jeſus, in thee our eyes behold,	a	145
Jeſus invites his ſaints,	c	2
Jeſus is gone above the ſkies,	c	6
Jeſus, the man of conſtant grief,	a	12
Jeſus, we bleſs thy Father's name,	a	54
Jeſus, we bow before thy feet,	c	18
Jeſus, with all thy ſaints above,	b	29
In Gabriel's hand a mighty ſtone,	a	57
In thine own ways, O God of love,	a	30
In vain the wealthy mortals toil,	a	24
In vain we laviſh out our lives,	a	9
Infinite grief! amazing woe!	b	95
Join all the glorious names,	a	105
Join all the names of love and pow'r,	a	149
Is this the kind return,	b	74
K		
Kind is the ſpeech of Chriſt our Lord,	a	73

L	B. H.
Laden with guilt and full of fears,	b 119
Let all our tongues be one,	c 9
Let everlasting glories crown,	b 131
Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,	a 7
Let God the Father live,	c 28
Let him embrace my soul and live,	a 66
Let God the Maker's name,	c 31
Let me but hear my Saviour say,	a 15
Let mortal tongues attempt to sing,	a 58
Let others boast how strong they be,	b 19
Let Pharisees of high esteem,	a 133
Let the old Heathens tune their songs,	b 21
Let the seventh angel sound on high,	a 65
Let the whole race of creatures lie,	b 99
Let the wild leopards of the wood,	b 160
Let them neglect thy glory Lord,	b 35
Let us adore th' Eternal Word,	c 5
Life and immortal joys are giv'n,	b 125
Life is the time to serve the Lord,	a 88
Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats,	b 37
Like sheep we went astray,	a 142
Lo the young tribes of Adam rise,	a 90
Lo what a glorious sight appears,	a 21
Lo what an entertaining sight,	a 44
Long have I sat beneath the sound,	b 165
Look, gracious God! how num'rous they,	a 47
Lord! at thy temple we appear,	a 19

	B.	H.
Lord! how divine thy comforts are,	c	11
Lord! how secure and bless'd are they,	b	57
Lord! how secure my conscience was,	a	115
Lord! we adore thy bounteous hand,	c	20
Lord! we adore thy vast designs,	b	109
Lord! we are blind, we mortals blind,	b	26
Lord! we confess our num'rous faults,	a	111
Lord! what a feeble piece,	a	37
Lord! what a heav'n of saving grace,	b	16
Lord! what a thoughtless wretch was I,	a	36
Lord! what a wretched land is this,	b	53
Lord! when my thoughts with wonder roll,	b	5
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,	a	46
M		
Man has a soul of vast desires,	b	146
Mistaken souls! that dream of heav'n,	a	140
My dear Redeemer and my Lord!	b	139
My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so,	b	65
My God! how endless is thy love,	a	81
My God, my life, my love!	b	93
My God, my portion, and my love!	b	94
My God! permit me not to be,	b	122
My God! the spring of all my joys,	b	54
My God! what endless pleasures dwell,	b	42
My heart how dreadful hard it is,	b	98
My Saviour God, my Sov'reign Prince!	b	141
My soul, come meditate the day,	b	61

	B. H.
My ſoul forſakes her vain delight,	b 10
My thoughts on awful ſubjects roll,	b 2
My thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies,	b 163
N	
Naked as from the earth we came,	a 5
Nature with all her pow'rs ſhall ſing,	b 1
Nature with open volume ſtands,	c 10
No, I'll repine at death no more,	b 102
No, I ſhall envy them no more,	b 56
No more my God, I boaſt no more,	a 109
Nor eye has ſeen nor ear has heard,	a 105
Not all the blood of beaſts,	b 142
Not all the outward forms on earth,	a 95
Not diff'rent food or diff'rent dreſs,	a 126
Not from the duſt affliction grows,	a 83
Not the malicious or profane,	a 104
Not to condemn the ſons of men,	a 100
Not to the terrours of the Lord,	b 152
Not with our mortal eyes,	a 108
Now be the God of Iſrael bleſs'd,	a 50
Now by the bowels of my God,	a 130
Now for a tune of lofty praiſe,	b 43
Now have our hearts embrac'd our God,	c 14
Now in the gall'ries of his grace,	a 77
Now in the heat of youthful blood,	a 91
Now let a ſpacious world ariſe,	b 147
Now let our pains be all forgot,	c 16

	B.	H.
Now let the Lord my Saviour smile,	b	50
Now Satan comes with dreadful roar,	b	157
Now shall my inward joys arise,	a	39
Now to the Lord a noble song,	b	47
Now to the Lord that makes us know,	a	61
Now to the pow'r of God supreme,	a	137
O		
O for an overcoming faith,	a	17
O! if my soul were form'd for wo,	b	106
O the almighty Lord,	b	80
O the delights, the heav'nly joys,	b	91
Often I seek my Lord by night,	a	71
Once more my soul the rising day,	b	6
Our days alas! our mortal days,	b	39
Our God how firm his promise stands,	b	40
Our sins alas! how strong they be,	b	86
Our souls shall magnify the Lord,	a	60
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb,	c	22
P		
Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,	b	79
Praise, everlasting praise, be paid,	b	60
R		
Raise thee my soul, fly up, and run,	b	33
Raise your triumphant songs,	b	104
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,	b	17
S		
Saints, at your Father's heav'nly word,	a	128
Salvation! O the joyful sound,	b	88

	B.	H.
See where the great incarnate God,	a	45
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood,	a	82
Shall we go on to sin,	a	106
Shall Wisdom cry aloud,	a	92
Shine mighty God! on Britain shine,	a	35
Shout to the Lord, and let our joys,	b	92
Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts,	b	50
Sin like a venemous disease,	b	153
Sing to the Lord that built the skies,	b	13
Sing to Lord with joyful voice,	a	43
Sing to the Lord ye heav'nly hosts,	b	62
Sitting around our Father's board,	c	23
So did the Hebrew prophet raise,	a	112
So let our lips and lives express,	a	132
So newborn babes desire the breast,	a	143
Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears,	b	77
Stoop down my thoughts that use to rise,	b	28
Strait is the way, the door is strait,	b	161
T		
Terrible God that reign'st on high,	b	22
That awful day will surely come,	b	107
Thee we adore, Eternal Name!	b	55
The glories of my maker God,	b	71
The God of mercy be ador'd,	c	30
The King of glory sends his Son,	b	136
The lands that long in darkness lay,	a	13
The law by Moses came,	a	118

	B.	H.
The law commands and makes us know,	b	121
The Lord declares his will,	b	120
The Lord descending from above,	b	126
The Lord Jehovah reigns,	b	169
The Lord on high proclaims,	b	85
The majesty of Solomon,	b	113
The mem'ry of our dying Lord,	c	15
The promise of my Father's love,	c	3
The promise was divinely free,	b	134
The true Messiah now appears,	b	12
The voice of my Beloved sounds,	a	69
The wond'ring world inquires to know,	a	75
There is a house not made with hands,	a	110
There is a land of pure delight,	b	60
There's no ambition swells my heart,	a	33
There was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,	a	11
These glorious minds how bright they shine,	a	41
This is the word of truth and love,	b	138
Thou whom my soul admires above,	a	67
Thus did the sons of Abra'm pass,	b	127
Thus far the Lord has led me on,	a	80
Thus saith the first the great command,	a	116
Thus saith the high and lofty One,	a	87
Thus saith the Ruler of the skies,	b	83
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,	a	121
Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord,	a	93
Thy favours Lord surprise our souls,	b	45
Time what an empty vapour 't is,	b	58

	B.	H.
'Tis by the faith of joys to come,	b	129
'Tis from the treasures of his word,	a	147
'Tis not the law of ten commands,	b	124
To God the only wise,	a	51
To him that chose us first,	a	39
'Twas by an order from the Lord,	a	ib.
'Twas on that dark that doleful night,	b	151
'Twas the commission of our Lord,	a	52
V		
Vain are the hopes the sons of men,	a	94
Vain are the hopes that rebels place,	a	99
Unshaken as the sacred hill,	a	22
Up to the fields where angels lie,	b	41
Up to the Lord that reigns on high,	b	46
W		
We are a garden wall'd around,	a	74
We bless the Prophet of the Lord,	b	132
We sing th' amazing deeds,	c	17
We sing the glories of thy love,	a	56
Welcome sweet day of rest,	b	14
Well, the Redeemer's gone,	b	36
What diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin,	b	143
What equal honours shall we bring,	a	63
What happy men or angels these,	a	40
What mighty man or mighty God,	a	28
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise,	a	32
When I can read my title clear,	b	65

	B.	H.
When in the light of faith divine,	b	101
When I ſurvey the wondrous croſs,	c	7
When we are rais'd from deep diſtreſs,	a	55
When ſtrangers ſtand and hear me tell,	a	76
When the firſt parents of our race,	b	78
When the great builder ſtretch'd the ſkies,	b	24
Where are the mourners ſaith the Lord,	b	154
Who can deſcribe the joys that riſe,	a	101
Who has believ'd thy word,	a	140
Who is this fair one in diſtreſs,	a	78
Who ſhall the Lord's elect condemn,	a	14
Why did the Jews proclaim their rage,	a	4
Why does your face ye humble ſouls,	b	85
Why do ye mourn departing friends,	b	3
Why is my heart ſo far from thee,	b	20
Why ſhould the children of a king,	a	144
Why ſhould this earth delight us ſo,	b	164
Why ſhould we ſtart and fear to die,	b	31
With cheerful voice I ſing,	a	48
With holy fear and humble ſong,	b	44
With joy we meditate the grace,	a	125
Y.		
Ye ſaints, how lovely is the place,	a	38
Ye ſons of Adam vain and young,	a	89
Ye that obey th' immortal King,	a	34
Z.		
Zion rejoice and Judah ſing,	b	111

INDEX.

Note, The letters a, b, c. *signify the first, second, and third, Book; the figures direct to the Hymn. If you find not what Hymn you seek under one word of the title seek it under another, or by some word that is of the same signification, though perhaps not mentioned in the title of the Hymn.*

A

AARON and Christ a 145. Moses and Joshua b 121.

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles a 60, 113, 114. b 134. offering his son a 129.

Absence and presence of God b 93, 94, 100. from God for ever intolerable b 107.

Access to the throne by a Mediator b 108.

Adam his fall a 107. corrupt nature from him b 128. the first and the second a 57, 124.

Adoption a 64, 143. and election a 54.

Advocate. See *Christ's intercession.*

Affections inconstant b 20. unsanctified b 165.

Afflicted, Christ's compassion to them, b 125.

Afflictions removed a 87. submitted to a 5, 129. b 109. Support and comfort under them b 50, 65. and death under providence a 83.

Almost Christian b 158.

Angels sinning b 24. standing and falling b 27. praise the Lord b 27. punished and man saved b 96, 97. their ministry to Christ and saints b 18, 112, 113.

Ambition, &c. b 101.
Anger of God. See *Wrath*, *Vengeance*, *Hell*.
Anſwer to the church's prayers a 30.
Antichriſt his ruin a 29, 56, 59. See *Enemies*.
Apoſtate b 158.
Apoſtles' commiſſion a 128.
Aſcenſion and reſurrection of Chriſt b 76.
Aſſiſtance againſt temptations a 15, 32. b 5[illegible], 65.
Aſſurance of heaven a 27. b 65. of the love of Chriſt a 14. b 7[illegible]. of faith a 103.
Attributes. See *God*.

B

BABYLON falling a 56, 59. See *Enemies*.
Backſlidings and returns b 20.
Baptiſm a 52. preaching and the Lord's Supper b 141. and circumciſion a 121. b 127, 134. Burial with Chriſt a 122.
Beatitudes a 102.
Believe and be ſaved a 100.
Believer baptized a 52, 122.
Birth, firſt and ſecond a 95, 99. of Chriſt, miracles at it b 136.
Bleſſed are the dead in the Lord a 28. ſociety in heaven b 33, 75.
Bleſſedneſs and buſineſs in heaven a 40, 41. b 86. only in God b 93, 94, 100.
Bleſſing of Abraham on the Gentiles a 113, 114. b 134.

Blood and flesh of Christ is our food c 17, 18. the seal of The New Testament c 3. the Spirit and the water c 9.
Boasting exclu[illegible] 96.
Bodies frail. See *Life*, *Health*, *Flesh*.
Book of God's decrees b 99.
Bread of life is Christ c 5.
Breathing towards heaven b 23.
Britain's God praised b 1. for deliverance b 92.
Burial b 63. with Christ in baptism a 122. and death of a saint b 3.

C

CANAAN and heaven b 66, 124.
Carnal joys parted with b 10, 11. reason humbled a 11, 12.
Ceremonial. See *Law*, *Types*, *Priest*.
Characters of the children of God a 143. of Christ a 146, 150. of blessedness a 1[illegible]2.
Charity and uncharitableness a 126. and love a 130, 133.
Children in the covenant of grace a 113, 114. devoted to God a 121. b [illegible]27.
Christ. See *Lord* and *Aaron* a 145. and *Adam* a 124. His ascension b 7[illegible].
—— Beatifick sight of him b 75. Beloved described a 75. the bread of life c 5.
—— His care of the young and feeble a 125, 138, and the church seeking, finding, &c. See

Church. Coming to judge a 61. His commission b 103, 104. communion with him a 66, 71. and saints a 67, 76. c 2. compared to inanimate things a 146. his coronation and espousals a 72. his cross not to be ashamed of c 19. crucified, God's wisdom and power.
Christ David's Son a 16, 50. his death caused by sin b 81. grace and glory by it c 23. victory and kingdom b 114. his divine nature a 2, 13, 92. b 2. dwells in heaven, visits the earth a 76.
—— Enjoyment of him b 15, 16. his eternity a 2, 92. example b 139. excellencies a 52. b 47.
—— Faith and knowledge of him a 103. his flesh and blood our food c 17, 18. found and brought to the church a 71.
—— His glory in heaven b 91. God reconciled in him b 148. grace given us in him a 137.
—— High Priest and King a 61. his human and divine nature a 2, 13, 16. humiliation and exaltation a 1, 63, 141, 142. b 2, 43, 81, 83, 84. c 10, 16.
—— His incarnation a 3, 13. intercession b 36, 37, 118. invitation to sinners a 127.
—— The King at his table a 66. his kingdom among men a 3, 21. knowledge and faith in him a 103.
—— The Lamb of God a 1, 64. his love to the church a 14, 17. under desertion b 50. shed

abroad in the heart a 135. to men a 92. lifted up a 111.

Christ ministered to by angels b 112, 113. miracles at the birth of Christ b 139. miracles in his life, death, and resurrection, b 137. and Moses a 118, 119.

—— Names and titles a 147, 148. nativity a 33.

—— Obeyed or resisted a 93. his offices a 149, 150. b 132.

—— Pardon and strength from him c 24. our passover b 155. his person glorious and gracious a 75. b 47. our physician a 112. his pity to the afflicted and tempted a 125. his Priesthood a 145. b 118. his presence. See *Presence*, *Prophecies*, and types of him, b 135. Prophet, Priest, and King, a 25. b 132. our Prophet and Teacher a 93.

—— Redemption. See *Redeem*. Rejected by the Jews a 141. resurrection b 72, 76. is our hope a 26. resurrection, life, and death, miraculous b 157. revealed to man a 10. to babes a 11, 12. righteousness valuable a 109.

—— His sacrifice b 142. and intercession b 118. salvation, righteousness, and strength, in him a 15, 84, 85, 97, 98. our sanctification a 97, 98. Satan at enmity a 107. saints in his hand a 138. our Shepherd a 8, 142. the substance of the types b 12. sent by the Father a 100.

b 103, 104. his sufferings c 16. and godly sorrow b 9, 106. and glory a 1, 62, 63. b 43, 81, 83, 84. c 10.
Christ, his titles and kingdom a 13. triumph over our enemies a 28, 29. types and prophecies of him b 135.
—— Victory over Satan a 89. death and hell c 21. unseen and beloved a 108.
—— Wisdom of God a 92. our wisdom and righteousness a 97, 98. worshipped by the creation a 62.
Christian. See *Saints*, *Spiritual*, &c. Religion, its excellency b 131. virtues b 161.
Church. See *Worship*, *Saints*, *Spiritual*. Its safety and protection a 8, 39. b 64, 92. its enemies slain by Christ a 28, 29. conversing with Christ, (*viz.*) seeking, finding, calling, answering, a 66,—71. under God's care a 66. espousals with Christ a 72. beauty in the eyes of Christ a 73. the garden of Christ a 74.
Circumcision abolished b 134. and baptism a 121, b 127.
Clothing spiritual a 7, 40.
Comfort in the covenant with Christ b 40. restored b 73. See *Pardon*. In sorrows of mind and body b 50, 65.
Communion with Christ and saints a 2. between Christ and the church a 66,—71. b 15, 16.
Compassion of a dying Christ c 22. to the afflicted a 125.

Complaint of a hard heart b 98. of desertion and temptations b 163. of dulness b 34. of indwelling sin a 115. of ingratitude b 74. of sloth and negligence b 25, 32.

Condemnation by the law a 91.

Condescension to our worship b 45. affairs b 46.

Confession and pardon a 131.

Conscience, good, the pleasures of it b 57. secure and awakened a 115.

Constancy in the gospel b 4.

Contention and love a 130.

Conversion a 104. b 159. the difficulty of it b 161. delayed a 88,—91. the joy of heaven a 101.

Conviction of sin by the law a 94, 115. by the cross of Christ b 81, 95.

Corrupt nature from Adam a 51. b 128.

Covenant of grace a 9. children therein a 113, 114. sealed and sworn a 139. c 3. hope in it a 139. made with Christ our comfort b 40. of works. See *Law* and *Gospel*.

Covetousness, &c. a 24. b 56, 101.

Courage and constancy a 14, 15, 48. b 4, 65.

Creation a 92. b 71, 147. new b 130. preservation, &c. of this world b 13.

Creatures praise the Lord b 71. love dangerous b 48. God above them b 82. their vanity b 146.

Cross of Christ is our glory c 19. repentance flowing

from it b 106. salvation in it b 4. crucifixion to the world by it c 7.
Curse and promise a 107.
Custom in sin b 160.

D

DANGERS of our earthly pilgrimage b 53. of death and hell b 55. of love to the creatures b 48.
Darkness dispelled by Christ's presence b 44. of providence b 109.
Day of grace and time of duty a 88. of judgment a 45, 61, 64, 89, 90.
Dead in the Lord their blessedness a 18. to sin by the cross of Christ a 106.
Death. See *Christ*, and afflictions under providence a 83. terrible to the unconverted a 91. made easy by the sight of Christ c 14. b 31. by a sight of heaven b 66. God's presence in it b 49, 117. our fear of it b 31. desirable a 19. b 61. overcome a 17. triumphed over a 6. b 110. prepared for a 27. b 63. of a sinner a 24, b .. and burial of a saint a 18. b 3. and eternity b 28. and glory a 110. b 61. and the resurrection b 3, 102, 110. of Moses at God's command b 49. dreadful and delightful b 52.
Deceitfulness of sin b 150.
Decrees of God a 11, 12, 96, 117. b 99.
Deity of Christ a 2, 13, 92. b 51.
Delay of conversion a 88, 91. b 25, 32.

Delight in worship b 14. in God b 42. in converse with Christ b 15, 16.
Deliverance b 3. See *Enemies*, *Church*. And submission a 19. from spiritual enemies a 47. b 65, 82.
Dependence. See *Faith*.
Desertion and temptation complained of b 163.
Desire of Christ's presence b 110. See more in *Heaven*, *Christ*, *Love*, &c.
Despair and presumption a 115. b 156, 157.
Devil vanquished a 58. See *Victory*.
Devotion fervent desired b 34.
Difficulty of conversion b 161.
Dissolution of this world b 13.
Disease. See *Sickness*.
Distemper, folly, and madness of sin b 153.
Distinguishing love a 11, 12, 96, 117. b 96, 97.
Divine. See *God*, *Deity*, &c.
Dominion of God, and our deliverance b 3. eternal b 67. over the sea b 70.
Doubts and fears suppressed b 73.
Dulness, spiritual b 25.

E

EARTH, no rest on it b 146. and heaven b 10, 11, 53.
Effusion of the Spirit b 144.
Election excludes boasting a 96. free a 11, 12, 54, 117. See *Decrees*.
End of the world b 164.
Enemies of the church disappointed b 91, 92. salva-

tion from them b 82. triumphed over by Chrift a 28, 29. See *Church*, *Babylon*, *Michael*.
Enjoyment of Chrift b 15, 16. See *Worfhip*.
Enmity between Chrift and Satan a 107.
Envy and love a 130.
Efpoufals of the church to Chrift a 72.
Eftablifhment in grace b 8 .
Eternity of God b 17. of his dominion b 67. and death b 28. fucceeding this life b 55. See *Heaven*, *Death*.
Evening and morning Hymns a 79, 80, 81. b 6, 7, 8.
Exaltation. See *Chrift*, *Glory*, *Sufferings*, &c.
Example of Chrift b 139. of faints b 140.
Excellency of the Chriftian religion b 131.

F

Faith in things unfeen a 120. b 129. and knowledge of Chrift a 103. love and joy a 108. and unbelief b 125. living and dead a 140. affifted by fenfe b 141. its joy b 162. in Chrift our facrifice b 142. and falvation a 100. of affurance a 105. and fight a 110. b 145. triumphing in Chrift a 14. for pardon and fanctification b 90. faith and reafon b 87, 109.
Faithfulnefs of God's promifes b 4 , 60, 69.
Fall of angels and men b 24. and recovery of man a 107. b 78.
Fears and doubts fuppreffed b 73.
Feaft of love a 68. of triumph c 21. of the gofpel a 7. c 12, 20. made, and guefts invited c 13.
Fellowfhip. See *Communion*.

Fervency of devotion desired b 34.
Few saved b 158.
Flesh and blood of Christ the best food c 17, 18. our tabernacle a 110. and spirit b 143.
Food spiritual a 7, 67, 68, 74. b 15. See *Feast.*
Forbearance. See *Patience.*
Forgiveness. See *Pardon.*
Formality in worship a 136.
Frail. See *Life*, *Health*, *Forgetfulness*, b. 165.
Frailty and folly b 32.
Free. See *Grace*, *Election.*
Freedom from sin and misery in heaven b 86.
Funeral thought b 63. See *Death*, *Burial.*

G

GARDEN of Christ is the church a 74.
Garment of salvation a 7, 20.
Gentiles, Christ revealed to them a 10, 13, 50. c 13, 14. Abraham's blessing on them a 113, 114. b 134.
Glorified martyrs and saints a 40, 41. body b 110.
Glory and death a 110. b 61. See *Heaven.* Of God above our reason b 87. of Christ in heaven b 91. See *Christ.* And grace by the death of Christ c 23. justification and sanctification a 3. to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost c 26,—41. of God in the gospel b 126. and grace in the person of Christ b 47. and sufferings of Christ b 43. See *Sufferings.*
Glorying in the cross of Christ c 19.
God all and in all b 93, 94. his absence. See *Absence.*

God his attributes b 51, 166, 169. glorified by Christ b 126, c 10. the avenger of his saints b 115.
—his care of his church a 39. condescension to human affairs b 36. to our worship b 45. the Creator and Redeemer b 35.
— our delight b 42. our defence a 47. dominion over the sea b 70. dominion and our deliverance b 111. dwells with the humble a 87.
— eternity b 17. eternal dominion b 67. everlasting absence intolerable b 100, 107.
— far above his creatures a 82. the Father, Son, and Spirit c 26, 41. his faithfulness to his promises b 60, 69.
— glory and defence of Sion b 64. his glory is above our reason b 87. his goodness b 58, 80. his grace. See *Grace*. Government from him b 149. holiness, justice, and sovereignty a 80.
— invisible b 26. incomprehensible b 87, 170.
— his kingdom supreme b 115. his love in sending his Son a 10.
— and our neighbour loved a 116.
— our portion or chief good b 93, 94. his power b 80. and goodness b 6, 7, 8. his praise. See *Praise*. Presence in life and at death b 115. See *Presence*. Preserver of our lives b 6, 7, 8, 19. promise and truth unchangeable a 139.
— sight of him weans us from earth b 41. sovereign b 170.

God his terrible majesty b 22. and mercy b 80. his truth b 60, 69.
— vengeance b 44 62. unity and trinity c 26,—41. His word a 53. wrath and mercy a 42.
Goodness of God b 58, 74. See *Grace*. And power of God a 42. b 80.
Gospel feast c 12. See *Grace*, *Feast*. Invitation and provision a 7. c 20. times their blessedness a 10. See *Scripture*. Glorifies God b 126. no liberty to sin a 106, 132, 140. not ashamed of it a 103, c 19. and law a 94. b 120, 121. 124. its different success a 119. b 144. ministry a 10. attested by miracles a 128. b 136, 137. its glorious effects b 138.
Government from God b 149.
Grace and glory by the death of Christ c 23. of the Spirit a 102. converting b 139. in exercise c 25. justifies a 94. sanctifies and saves a 111. not conveyed by parents a 99. allsufficient in duty and sufferings a 25, 32, 104. given in Christ a 137. covenant a 9. children in it a 113, 114. and holiness a 132. electing a 54. its freedom, sovereignty a 11, 12, 96, 117. b 96, 97. and glory in the person of Christ b 47. adopting a 64. persevering a 51. promises a 7, 9. throne accessible by Christ b 36, 37, 108.
Gratitude for divine favours b 116.
Great Britain's God praised b 1.

H

Happiness. See *Blessed*, *Heaven*. Hardness of heart b 98.

Hatred and love a 130.
Health preserved b 6, 7, 8, 19. restored a 55.
Heaven and earth b 10, 11, 53. and hell a 45. invisible and holy a 105. meditation of it b 161. joy there for repenting sinners a 101. its blessedness and business a 40, 41. the hope of it our support b 65. its prospect makes death easy b 66. worship of it humble b 68. freedom from sin and misery there b 86. hoped for by Christ's resurrection a 26. insured and prepared for a 27. Christ's dwelling-place a 76. b 91. sight of God and Christ there b 23. blessed society there b 23. desired b 68.
Heavenly-mindedness b 57. joy on earth b 15, 30, 59.
Hell and death b 2. and judgment a 45, 107. b 62. or the vengeance of God b 22, 44. the holy fear of it b 107.
Hezekiah's song a 55.
Holy. See *Spirit.*
Holiness. See *Grace*, *Spiritual*, *Sanctification*. And sovereignty of God a 82, 86. and grace a 132, 140. its characters a 102.
Honour vain b 101. to magistrates b. 149.
Hope of the living a 88. gives light and strength b 129. in the covenant a 139. of heaven by Christ's resurrection a 26. of heaven our support under trials b 65. of the resurrection b 3, 110.
Hosanna to Christ a 16. c 42, &c.
Human affairs condescended to by God b 46. nature of Christ a 13, 23.

Humble, God's dwelling a 87. enlightened a 11, 12, 50. worship of heaven b 68.
Humiliation. See *Christ, Sufferings, &c.* and prayer, publick a 30.
Humility and pride a 127. and meekness a 102. in heaven b 68.
Hypocrisy and sincerity a 136. hypocrite or almost Christian b 158.

I

Jealousy of our love to Christ a 78.
Jesus. See *Lord, Christ.*
Jews. See *Moses, Gospel, Christ, Gentiles.*
Ignorants enlightened a 11, 12.
Ignorance and unfruitfulness b 165.
Impenitence b 125.
Incarnation of Christ a 2, 3, 13, 60.
Incomprehensible God b 87. and invisible b 26.
Inconstancy of our love b 20.
Infants. See *Children.*
Ingratitude complained of b 74.
Inspiration and prophecy b 151.
Institution of the Lord's Supper b 1.
Insufficiency of self-righteousness b 154.
Intercession of Christ b 36, 37, 118.
Invitation of Christ answered a 70. of the gospel a 79, 127. c 13, 20.
John the Baptist's message a 50.

Joſhua, Aaron, and Moſes b 124.
Joy, faith, and love a 108. of faith b 162. carnal parted with b 10, 11. heavenly upon earth a 135. b 30, 59. ſpiritual reſtored b 73. See more in *Delight*, *Comfort*.
Judgment-day a 45, 65, 89, 90. and hell b 62. Chriſt coming to it a 61.
Juſtice, &c. of God a 86.
Juſtification a 14. See *Pardon*. By faith not by works a 94, 100. ſanctification a 7, 20, 80, 85 b 90. and glory a 3.

K

Kingdom and titles of Chriſt a 13. of Chriſt among men a 21, 65. of God eternal b 68. ſupreme b 115.
Knowledge and faith in Chriſt a 103. ſaving from God a 11, 12, 93.

L

Lamb that was ſlain a 1, 25, 62. See *Chriſt*.
Law convinces of ſin a 15. condemns a 94. and goſpel b 120, 121, 124. and goſpel ſinned againſt a 128.
Levitical prieſthood fulfilled in Chriſt b 12.
Life frail and ſucceeding eternity b 55. preſerved b 6, 7, 8, 19. ſhort, frail, miſerable, a 82. b 39, 58. the day of grace and hope a 88.
Light and ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt a 50. in darkneſs by the preſence of God b 54. given to the blind a 11, 12.
Longſufferance. See *Patience*.

Lord Jesus at his own table a 66. c 15. supper, preaching, and baptism b 141. supper instituted c 1. day a 72. delightful b 14. table provided for c 20. See more in *Christ*.

Love of Christ unchangeable a 14, 39. shed abroad in the heart a 135. its banquet a 68. c 13. of Christ in words and deeds a 77. of Christ its strength a 71. unseen a 108. to Christ b 100. to God pleasant and powerful b 38. and hatred a 130. faith and joy a 108. and charity a 153. of God in sending his Son a 100. b 103, 104. to God and our neighbour a 116. religion vain without it a 134. peace and meekness a 102. of Christ dying c 4, 22. to God inconstant b 20. to the creatures dangerous b 48. distinguishing a 11, 12. b 96, 97.

M

Madness, folly, and distemper of sin b 153.

Magistrates honoured b 149.

Majesty of God terrible b 22, 62.

Malice and love a 130.

Man saved, and angels punished b 96, 97. mortal and vain a 82. his fall and recovery a 107.

Martyrdom a 14. b 4.

Martyrs glorified a 40, 41.

Mary the Virgin's song a 60.

Mediator the way to the throne of grace b 108.

Meditation of heaven b 162. and retirement b 122.

Memory weak b 165.

Memorial of our abſent Lord c 6.
Mercies national b 1, 111. See *Grace*, *Wrath*, *Thanks*.
Meſſiah born a 60. come b 12.
Michael's war with the dragon a 58.
Miniſters' commiſſion a 128.
Miniſtry of angels b 18. of the goſpel a 10.
Miſery and ſin baniſhed from heaven b 86. and ſhortneſs of life b 39. without God in the world b 56. of ſinners. See *Sinners*, *Death*, *Hell*.
Morning and evening ſongs a 79, 80, 81. b 6, 7, 8.
Mortality and vanity of man a 82.
Mortification to the world by the ſight of God b 41. by the croſs of Chriſt b 1, 6. c 7.
Moſes and Chriſt a 49, 118. Moſes dying b 49. Aaron and Joſhua b 124.
Mourning. See *Complaint*, *Repentance*.
Myſteries revealed a 11, 12.

N

NATIONAL mercies and thanks b 1, 111.
Nativity of Chriſt a 2, 3, 13.
Nature and grace a 104. corrupt from Adam a 57. b 128.
Neighbour and God loved a 116.
New covenant ſealed c 3. promiſes a 7. ſong a 1. creature a 9. teſtament in the blood of Chriſt c 3. creation a 95, 130. birth a 95.
November 5th a ſong of praiſe b 92.

O

OBEDIENCE evangelical a 140, 143.

Old age and death of the unconverted a 91.
Offence not to be given a 126.
Offices and operations of the Holy Spirit b 133. and of Christ a 146, 150. b 132.
Olivetree, the wild and good a 114.
Ordinances. See *Worship*, *Lord's Supper.*
Original sin a 57. See *Adam*, *Nature.*

P

Pains, comfort under them b 50.
Paradise on earth b 30, 59.
Pardon, a sufficiency of it b 85. and confession a 131. and strength from Christ c 24. bought at a dear price c 4. and sanctification by faith a 9, b 90. brought to our senses c 11.
Parents and children a 113, 114. convey not grace a 99.
Passover, Christ is ours b 155.
Passion. See *Christ*, *Sufferance*, *Anger*, *Love.*
Patience under afflictions a 5, 119. b 109. of God producing repentance b 74, 105.
Peace of conscience b 57. and contention a 130. See *Comfort*, *Joy*.
Perfections of God b 166,—169. persevering grace a 26, 32, 48, 51, 138.
Person of Christ glorious and gracious a 75. b 47.
Persecution, courage under it a 14.
Pharisee and Publican a 31.
Pilgrimage of the saints b 53.
Pleasure of a good conscience b 57. of religion b 30.

39. sinful forsaken b 10, 11. their vanity and danger b 111.

Poverty of spirit a 102, 127.

Power of God a 86. and wisdom in Christ crucified b 126. c 10. and goodness of God awful a 42. b 80.

Praise imperfect on earth b 5. for daily protection and preservation b 6, 7, 8. from angels b 27. from the creation b 71. to the Redeemer b 5, 21, 29, 35, 70. to the Trinity c 26,—41. for creation and redemption b 35.

Prayer and praise a 1. for deliverance answered a 30.

Preaching, baptism, and the Lord's supper b 141.

Predestination. See *Election*.

Preparation for death a 27. See *Death*.

Presumption and despair a 115. b 156, 157.

Presence of God in worship b 45. light in darkness b 54. in death a 19. b 31, 49. c 14. in life and death b 117. or absence of Christ b 50. of Christ in worship a 66. b 15, 16. c 15. of God our life b 93, 94, 100.

Preservation of this world b 13. of our graces a 51. of our lives b 6, 7, 8, 19.

Pride and humility a 11, 12, 127.

Priesthood Levitical ending in Christ b 12. of Christ b 118.

Prodigal repenting a 123.

Profit and unprofitableneſs a 118. b 165.
Promiſed Meſſiah born a 60, 107, 134.
Promiſes of the covenant a 9, 39, 107. See *Scripture*. And truth of God unchangeable a 139. our ſecurity b 40, 60, 69.
Prophecies and types of Chriſt b 135. and inſpiration b 150.
Proſperity and adverſity a 5. vain b 56, 101.
Protection from ſpiritual enemies b 82. of the church a 8, 22, 23. See *Church*.
Providence b 46. executed by Chriſt a 1. over afflictions and death a 83. its darkneſs b 109. proſperous and afflictive a 5.
Proviſion. See *Goſpel*, *Lord's Table*.
Publick ordinances. See *Worſhip*.
Publican and Phariſee a 131.
Puniſhment for ſin. See *Hell* a 100, 117.

R

RACE, Chriſtian a 48. b 53.
Reaſon feeble b 87. carnal humbled a 11, 12.
Recovery from ſickneſs a 55.
Reconciliation to God in Chriſt b 148.
Redemption in Chriſt a 97, 98. b 78. and protection b 82. by price c 4. and by power b 29. See *Chriſt*.
Regeneration a 95. b 130. See *Election*, *Adoption*, *Sanctification*.
Religion neglected b 32. vain without love a 134.

Christianity, the excellency of it b 131. revealed. See *Gospel*, *Scripture*.
Remembrance of Christ c 6.
Repenting prodigal a 123.
Repentance from God's goodness and patience b 74. 105. and humiliation a 87. at the cross of Christ b 9, 106. and impenitence b 125. gives joy to heaven a 101.
Resignation. See *Submission*.
Resurrection a 6. b 102, 110. See *Death*, *Christ*, *Heaven*.
Retirement and meditation b 122.
Returns and backslidings b 20.
Revelation of Christ. See *Gentile*, *Gospel*.
Revenge and love a 130.
Rich sinner dying a 24. b 56.
Riches, their vanity b 56, 101.
Righteousness and strength in Christ a 84, 85, 97, 98. of Christ valuable a 109. our robe a 7, 20. self-righteousness a 131. our own insufficient b 154.

S

SABBATH delightful b 14.
Sacrament. See *Baptism*, *Lord's Supper*.
Sacrifice of Christ b 142. and intercession b 118.
Safety of the church a 8, 22, 23.
Saints. See *Church*, *Spiritual*. God their avenger b 115. and hypocrites a 136, 140. their example b 140.

characters of them a 143. in the hand of Christ a 138. security b 64. beloved in Christ a 54. adopted a 64. death and burial b 3. in glory a 40, 41. communion c 2.
Salvation b 88. of the worst of sinners a 104. by grace a 111. in Christ a 137. See *Christ*, *Cross*, *Grace*, *Heaven*, *Light*, *Redeemer*, *Righteousness*.
Sanctification, justification, and glory a 9. and pardon a 94. through faith b 90.
Satan and Christ at enmity a 107. his various temptations b 157. conquered by Christ b 89. See *Devil*.
Scripture a 53. b 118. See *Gospel*.
Sea under the dominion of God b 70.
Sealing and witnessing Spirit a 144.
Secure and awakened sinner a 115.
Security in the promises b 40, 60, 69.
Seeking after Christ a 67, 71.
Self-righteousness a 131. insufficient b 154.
Sense assisting our faith b 141.
Sensual delights dangerous b 11, 12, 48.
Serpent brazen a 112.
Shepherd, Christ and his pastures a 67.
Shortness, frailty, and misery, of life b 31, 39, 58.
Sickness and recovery a 55.
Sight of God mortifies us to the world b 41. of Christ beatifick b 16, 75. and faith a 110, 120. b 129, 145. of Christ makes death easy c 14.

Simeon's song a 19. c. 14.
Sinai and Sion b 152.
Sincerity and hypocrisy a 136.
Sin the cause of Christ's death b 81. and misery banished from heaven a 105. b 86. original a 57. pardoned and subdued a 9, 104. b 90. indwelling a 115. its power a *ibid.* b 86. the ruin of angels and men b 24. custom in it b 160. folly, madness, and distemper of it b 153. conviction of it by the law a 115. against the law and gospel a 118. crucified a 106. deceitfulness of it b 150.
Sinning and repenting b 20.
Sinful pleasures forsaken b 10, 11.
Sinner, the vilest saved a 104. and saints' death b 121. invited to Christ a 127. excluded heaven a 104, 105. his death terrible a 91. b 2.
Sloth spiritual complained of b 25.
Society in heaven blessed b 53.
Son equal with the Father b 52. See *Christ.*
Sons of God a 64, 143. elect and newborn a 54.
Song of angels a 3. of Simeon a 19. c 14. of Zacharias a 50. of Moses and the Lamb a 49, 56. of Hezekiah a 55. of Solomon paraphrased a 66,—78. of the Virgin Mary a 60. for Nov. 5th b 92.
Sorrow. See *Repentance.* Comfort under it b 50, 69. for the dead relieved b 3.
Sovereignty a 86. See *Grace, Election, God.*
Soul separate. See *Death, Heaven, Hell.*

Spirit breathed after a 74. b 34. water and blood c 9. his offices b 133. witnessing and sealing a 144. its fruits a 102.

Spiritual enemies, deliverance a 47. b 65, 82. warfare b 77. pilgrimage b 53. apparel a 7, 20. race a 48. sloth and dulness b 25, 34. joy b 73, 75. meat, drink, and clothing, a 7. food. See *Feast*.

State of nature and grace a 104.

Storm. See *Thunder*.

Strength from heaven a 15, 32, 48. righteousness and pardon in Christ a 84, 85. c 24.

Submission and deliverance a 129. to afflictions a 5. b 109.

Success of the gospel a 11, 12, 119. b 144.

Sufferings for Christ a 102. See *Christ*.

Supper of the Lord instituted c 1. baptism and preaching b 141.

Support under trials b 50, 65.

Sympathy of Christ a 125.

T

Table of the Lord. See *Lord*.

Temptations, hope under them a 139. of the world b 101. of the devil b 65, 156, 157. and desertion complained of b 163.

Tempted, Christ's compassion to them a 125.

Terrours of death to the unconverted a 91.

Testament, New, in the blood of Christ c 3.

Thanksgiving for victory b 111. for mercies b 116. national b 1.

Throne of grace. See *Grace*.
Thunderer, God b 62.
Time redeemed a 88. ours and eternity God's b 67.
Tree of life c 8. and river of love c 20.
Trinity praised c 26,—41.
Trials on earth and hope of heaven b 6c.
Triumph over death a 6. b 110. of faith in Christ a 14. at a feast c 21. of Christ over our enemies a 28.
Trust. See *Faith*.
Truth and promises of God unchangeable a 139. b 60, 69.
Types b 12. and prophecies of Christ b 135.

V

Vain prosperity b 56, 101.
Value of Christ and his righteousness b 109.
Vanity and mortality of man a 82. of youth a 89, 90. of the creatures b 146.
Victory, a thanksgiving for it b 3. over death a 17. sin and sorrow a 14. of Christ over Satan a 58. b 89. See *Enemies*.
Virtues Christian b 161. See *Holiness*, *Love*, *Saint*, *Spiritual*.
Unbelief and faith a 100. b 125. punished a 118.
Uncharitableness and charity a 126.
Unconverted state b 159. death terrible to them a 91.
Unfruitfulness b 165.
Unsanctified affections b 165.
Unseen things, faith in them a 120.

W

WANDERING affections b 20. thoughts in worſhip a 136.
Warfare Chriſtian b 77.
Water, the Spirit and the blood c 9.
Weak ſaints encouraged by Chriſt a 125. by the church a 126.
Weakneſs our own and Chriſt our ſtrength a 15.
Wiſdom and power of God in Chriſt crucified c 10. carnal humbled a 11, 12.
Witneſſing and ſealing Spirit a 144.
Word of God a 53. preached a 10, 119. See *Goſpel*, *Scripture*.
World, crucifixion to it by the croſs c 7. the temptations of it b 107. its end b 164. mortification to it by the ſight of God b 41. its creation b 147. preſervation b 13.
Worſhip of heaven humble b 68. profitable b 123. condeſcended to by God b 55. Chriſt preſent at it a 66. b 1[illegible], 16. c 15. accepted through Chriſt b 36, 37. formality in it a 136. delightful b 14, 15, 16, 17.
Wrath and mercy of God a 42. b 80. See *God*, *Hell*.

Y

YOKE of Chriſt eaſy a 127.
Youth, its vanities [illegible] 89, 90. adviſed a 91.

Z

ZACHARIAS's ſong and John's meſſage a 50.

Zeal in the Christian race a 48. b 129. and love a 14. for the gospel a 103. b 4. the want of it b 25. against sin b 106. for God b 116.
Zion her glory and defence b 64. See *Church*.

TABLE

OF SCRIPTURES TURNED INTO VERSES.

In the First Book.

	Hymn
Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17	107
xvii. 7	113
xvii. 7, 10	121
xxii. 6	129
Job i. 21	5
iii. 14, 15	24
iv. 17, 21	82
v. 6, 7, 8	83
ix. 2, 10	86
xiv. 4	57
xix. 25, 26, 27	6
Psal. iii. 5, 6	80
iv. 8	80
xix. 5, 8	79
xlix. 6, 9	24
li. 5	57
lxxiii. 24, 25	79
cxxxix. 23, 24	136
cxliii. 8	80
cxlvii. 19, 20	53
Prov. viii. 12, 2, 32	92
viii. 34, 36	93
Eccl. viii. 8	24
ix. 4, 5, 6, 10	88
Eccl. xi. 9	89
The same	90
xii. 1, 7	91
Cant. i. 2, 12, 17	66
i. 7	67
ii. 1, 2, 3, &c.	68
ii. 8, 9, &c.	69
ii. 14, 16, 17	70
iii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5	71
iii. 2	72
iv. 1, 10, 7	73
iv. 12, 14, 15	74
v. 1	74
v. 9	75
vi. 1, 2, 3, 12	76
vii. 5, 9, 12	77
viii. 5, 8, 13	78
Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7	13
xxvi. 1, 2, &c.	8
xxvi. 8, 20	30
xxxviii. 9, &c.	55
xl. 27, 28, &c.	32
The same	48
xlv. 7	81

	Hymn
Isa. xlv. 21, 25	84
The same	85
xlix. 13, 14, &c.	39
lii. 7,—10	10
liii. 15, 10, 12	141
liii. 6, 9, 12	142
lv. 1, 2, &c.	7
The same	9
lvii. 15, 16	87
lxi. 10	20
lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.	28
lxiii. 4, 5, 6, 7.	29
lxv. 20	91
Lam. iii. 24	81
Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.	9
Mic. vii. 18, 19	9
Nah. i. 1, 2, 3, &c.	42
Zech. xiii. 1	9
Mat. iii. 9	99
v. 2, 12	102
xi. 28, 30	127
xii. 20	125
xiii. 16, 17	10
xxi. 9	16
xxii. 37, 40	116
xxviii. 18, &c.	128
xxviii. 19	52
Mark x. 14	113
xvi. 15, &c.	128
Luke i. 27, &c.	19
i. 30, &c.	3
i. 46, &c.	60

	Hymn
Luke i. 68	150
ii. 10, &c.	3
x. 21	11
The same	12
xv. 7, 10	101
xv. 13, &c.	123
xviii. 10, &c.	131
xix. 38, 40	16
John i. 1, 2, 3, 14	2
i. 13	95
i. 17	115
i. 29, 32	50
iii. 3, &c.	95
iii. 14, 16	112
iii. 16, 17, 18	100
iv. 24	136
x. 28, 29	138
Acts ii. 38	52
xvi. 14, 33	21
Rom. iii. 19, 22	94
v. 12, &c.	57
The same	124
vi. 1, 2, 6	106
vi. 3, 4, &c.	122
vii. 8, 9, 14, 24	115
viii. 14, 16	144
viii. 33, &c.	4
ix. 21, 22, &c.	117
xi. 16, 17	114
xiv. 17, 10	126
xv. 8, 9, 14, 24	115
1 Cor. i. 23, 24	119

	Hymn		Hymn
1 Cor. i. 26, 31	96	Heb. i. 1	53
i. 30	97	iii. 3, 5, 6	118
The same	98	iv. 15, 16	125
ii. 9, 10	103	v. 7	125
iii. 6, 7	119	vi. 17, 19	139
vi. 10, 11	104	vii.	145
x. 32	126	ix.	145
xiii. 1, 2, 3	134	x. 28, 29	118
xiii. 2, 3, 7, 13	133	xi. 1, 10	120
xv. 55, &c.	17	1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5	26
2 Cor. ii. 16	119	i. 8	108
v. 1, 5, 8	110	1 John iii. 1, &c.	64
xii. 7, 9, 10	15	Jude 24, 25	51
Gal. iv. 4	107	Rev. i. 5, 6, 7	61
iv. 6	65	v. 6, 8, 12	1
Ephes. i. 3, &c.	54	*The same*	25
i. 13, 14	144	*The same*	62
iii. 9, 10	2	*The same*	63
iii. 16, &c.	135	vii. 13, &c.	40
iv. 30, &c.	130	*The same*	41
Phil. ii. 2	130	xi. 15	65
iii. 7, 8, 9	109	xii. 7	58
Col. i. 16	2	xiv. 13	18
ii. 15	107	xv. 3	56
2 Tim. i. 9, 10	137	xvi. 19	56
i. 12	103	xvii. 6	56
iii. 15, 16	53	xviii. 20, 21	59
iv. 6, 7, 18	27	xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4	21
Tit. ii. 10, 13	132	xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8	45
iii. 3, 7	111	xxi. 27	105

In the Third Book.

	Hymn		Hymn
Luke ii. 28	14	John xvi. 16	6
xiv. 16	12	1 Cor. x. 16, 17	2
xiv. 17, 23	13	xi. 23, &c.	1
xxii. 19	6	Gal. vi. 14	7
John vi. 31, 35, 39	5	1 John v. 6	9
xiv. 3	6		

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1. *A new Song to the Lamb that was ſlain*, Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidſt his Father's throne,
Prepare new honours for his name,
And ſongs before unknown.

2. Let elders worſhip at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours ſweet,
And harps of ſweeter ſound.

3. Thoſe are the prayers of the ſaints,
And theſe the Hymns they raiſe:
Jeſus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praiſe.

[4. Eternal Father! who ſhall look
Into thy ſecret will?
Who but the Son ſhall take that book
And open ev'ry ſeal?

5. He ſhall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deſerves it well;
Lo! in his hand the ſov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell.]

6. Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain
Be endleſs bleſſings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

7. Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood,
Haſt ſet the priſ'ners free,
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

8. The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r,
Then ſhorten theſe delaying days
And bring the promis'd hour.

II. *The Deity and humanity of Chriſt*, John i. 1, 3, 14. *and* Col. i. 16. *and* Eph. iii. 9, 10.

Ere the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad
From everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2. By his own pow'r were all things made,
By him ſupported all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3. Ere Sin was born or Satan fell
He led the hoſt of morning-ſtars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4. But lo! he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms,
The Word deſcends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

5. Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead ſhone!

6. Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new myſt'ries here, and tell
The loves of our deſcending God,
The glories of Emanuel.

III. *The nativity of Chriſt*, Luke i. 30, *&c.* Luke ii. 10. *&c.*

Behold the grace appears,
The promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jeſus is the child.

2. The Lord the higheſt God
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3. O'er Jacob ſhall he reign
With a peculiar ſway;
The nations ſhall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4. To bring the glorious news
A heav'nly form appears,
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

5. " Go humble ſwains," ſaid he,
" To David's city fly,
" The promis'd Infant born to-day
" Doth in a manger lie.

6. " With looks and hearts ſerene
" Go viſit Chriſt your King;"
And ſtraight a flaming troop was ſeen,
The ſhepherds heard them ſing

7. " Glory to God on high!
" And heav'nly peace on earth,
" Good-will to men, to angels joy,
" At the Redeemer's birth!"

[8. In worſhip ſo divine
Let ſaints employ their tongues,
With the celeſtial hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs.

9. " Glory to God on high!
" And heav'nly peace on earth,
" Good-will to men, to angels joy,
" At our Redeemer's birth!"]

IV. *Referred to the 2d Pſalm.*

V. *Submiſſion to afflictive providences*, Job i. 21.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again
And mingle with our duſt.

2. The dear delights we here enjoy
And fondly call our own
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3. 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4. Peace, all our angry paſſions then,
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5. If ſmiling mercy crown our lives
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over death*, Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

GREAT God! I own thy ſentence juſt,
And nature muſt decay,
I yield my body to the duſt
To dwell with fellow clay.

2. Yet ſaith may triumph o'er the grave
And trample on the tombs;
My Jeſus my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes!
3. The mighty Conqu'ror ſhall appear
High on a royal ſeat,
And death, the laſt of all his foes,
Lie vanquiſh'd at his feet.
4. Tho' greedy worms devour my ſkin
And gnaw my waſting fleſh,
When God ſhall build my bones again
He clothes them all afreſh:
5. Then ſhall I ſee thy lovely face
With ſtrong immortal eyes,
And feaſt upon thy unknown grace
With pleaſure and ſurpriſe.

VII. *The invitation of the goſpel*, or, *Spiritual food and clothing*, Iſa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the goſpel ſounds
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho! all ye hungry ſtarving ſouls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,

3. Eternal wiſdom has prepar'd
A ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich proviſion taſte.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirſt
With ſprings that never dry.

5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join,
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

[6. Ye periſhing and naked poor
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your ſin,

7. Come naked, and adorn your ſouls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8. Dear God! the treaſures of thy love
Are everlaſting mines,
Deep as our helpleſs mis'ries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins!

9. The happy gates of goſpel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord! we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

VIII. *The ſafety and protection of the Church*, Iſa. xxvi. 1,—6.

How honourable is the place
Where we adoring ſtand,
Sion the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2. Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of ſtrong ſalvation made
Defy th' aſſaults of hell.

3. Lift up the everlaſting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter ye nations that obey
The ſtatutes of our King.

4. Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys
And live in perfect peace
You that have known Jehovah's name
And ventur'd on his grace.

5. Truſt in the Lord, for ever truſt,
And baniſh all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.

6. What tho' the rebels dwell on high
His arm ſhall bring them low,
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads ſhall bow.

7. On Babylon our feet ſhall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls ſhall ſpread
A pavement for the poor.

IX. *The promiſes of the covenant of grace*, Iſa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Micah vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

In vain we laviſh out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choiceſt bleſſings earth can yield
Will ſtarve a hungry mind.
2. Come, and the Lord ſhall feed our ſouls
With more ſubſtantial meat,
With ſuch as ſaints in glory love,
With ſuch as angels eat.
3. Our God will ev'ry want ſupply
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
The riches of his grace.
4. Come, and he 'll cleanſe our ſpotted ſouls
And waſh away our ſtains
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.
[5. Our guilt ſhall vaniſh all away
Tho' black as hell before,
Our ſins ſhall ſink beneath the ſea
And ſhall be found no more.
6. And leſt pollution ſhould o'erſpread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His Spirit ſhall bedew our ſouls
Like purifying rain.]

7. Our heart, that flinty ſtubborn thing,
That terrours cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be diſſolv'd by love:

8. Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treaſures of his grace
Beſtow a ſofter mind.

9. There ſhall his ſacred Spirit dwell
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our ſouls
To ſwift obedience draw.

10. Thus will he pour ſalvation down,
And we ſhall render praiſe;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

X. *The bleſſedneſs of goſpel-times*, or, *The revelation of Chriſt to Jews and Gentiles*, Iſa. lii. 7, 8, 9, 10. Matth. xiii 16, 17.

How beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on Sion's hill,
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2. How charming is their voice!
How ſweet the tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour king;
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3. How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought but never found!

4. How bleſſed are our eyes
That ſee this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight.

5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſerts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad,
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

XI. *The humble enlightened, and carnal reaſon humbled*, or, *The ſovereignty of grace*, Luke x. 21, 22.

There was an hour when Chriſt rejoic'd,
And ſpoke his joy in words of praiſe;
"Father! I thank thee, mighty God!
"Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and ſeas.

2. "I thank thy ſov'reign pow'r and love
"That crowns my doctrine with ſucceſs,
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"The heights, and breadths, and lengths, of grace.

3. " But all this glory lies conceal'd
" From men of prudence and of wit;
" The prince of Darkneſs blinds their eyes,
" And their own pride reſiſts the light.

4. " Father! 't is thus becauſe thy will
" Choſe and ordain'd it ſhould be ſo,
" 'Tis thy delight t' abaſe the proud
" And lay the haughty ſcorner low.

5. " There 's none can know the Father right
" But thoſe who learn it from the Son,
" Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
" But where the Father makes him known."

6. Then let our ſouls adore our God
That deals his graces as he pleaſe,
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions or decrees.

XII. *Free grace in revealing Chriſt*, Luke x. 21.

Jesus, the man of conſtant grief,
A mourner all his days,
His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud
And turn'd his joy to praiſe.

2. " Father! I thank thy wondrous love
" That hath reveal'd thy Son
" To men unlearned and to babes
" Has made thy goſpel known.

3. " The myſt'ries of redeeming grace
" Are hidden from the wiſe,
" While pride and carnal reas'nings join
" To ſwell and blind their eyes." 12
4. Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own ſov'reign will. 16

XIII. *The Son of God incarnate*, or, *The titles and the kingdom of Chriſt*, Iſa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

THE lands that long in darkneſs lay
Now have beheld a heav'nly light,
Nations that ſat in death's cold ſhade
Are bleſs'd with beams divinely bright. 4
2. The virgin's promis'd Son is born,
Behold th' expected Child appear:
What ſhall his names or titles be?
"The Wonderful, The Counſellor." 8
[3. This infant is the mighty God!
Come to be ſuckled and ador'd,
Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The ſon of David, and his Lord.] 12
4. The government of earth and ſeas
Upon his ſhoulders ſhall be laid,
His wide dominion ſhall increaſe,
And honours to his name be paid. 16

5. Jeſus the holy Child ſhall ſit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall cruſh his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

XIV. *The triumph of faith*, or, *Chriſt's unchangeable love*, Rom. viii. 33, *&c.*

Who ſhall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that juſtifies their ſouls,
And mercy like a mighty ſtream
O'er all their ſins divinely rolls.
2. Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell?
'Tis Chriſt that ſuffer'd in their ſtead;
And the ſalvation to fulfil
Behold him riſing from the dead!
3. He lives! he lives! and ſits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who ſhall divide us from his love,
Or what ſhould tempt us to deſpair?
4. Shall perſecution or diſtreſs,
Famine or ſword, or nakedneſs?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conq'rors too.
5. Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Chriſt is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a prop.

6. Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

XV. *Our own weakness, and Christ our strength*, 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

Let me but hear my Saviour say
Strength shall be equal to the day,
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on allsufficient grace.

2. I glory in infirmity
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me:
When I am weak then am I strong;
Grace is my shield and Christ my song.

3. I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains
While his left hand my head sustains.

4. But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise
We find how great our weakness is.

5. So Sampson when his hair was lost
Met the Philistines to his cost,
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight and lost his eyes.

XVI. *Hosanna to Christ*, Matth. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.
2. The root of David here we find
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Emanuel's name.
3. Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!
4. Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

XVII. *Victory over death*, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

O For an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2. Joyful with all the ſtrength I have
My quiv'ring lips ſhould ſing,
" Where is thy boaſted vict'ry grave?
" And where the monſter's ſting?"

3. If ſin be pardon'd I 'm ſecure,
Death hath no ſting beſide;
The law gives ſin its damning pow'r,
But Chriſt my ranſom dy'd.

4. Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conq'rors while we die
Thro' Chriſt our living head.

XVIII. *Bleſſed are the dead that die in the Lord*, Rev. xiv. 13.

Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the ſavour of their names,
And ſoft their ſleeping bed.

2. They die in Jeſus and are bleſs'd;
How kind their ſlumbers are!
From ſuff'rings and from ſins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry ſnare.

3. Far from this world of toil and ſtrife
They 're preſent with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

XIX. *The ſong of Simeon*, or, *Death made deſirable*, Luke i. 27, &c.

LORD! at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here,
O make our joys the ſame!
2. With what divine and vaſt delight
The good old man was fill'd
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He claſp'd the holy Child!
3. " Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,
" Behold thy ſervant dies,
" I 'ave ſeen thy great ſalvation Lord!
" And cloſe my peaceful eyes.
4. " This is the light prepar'd to ſhine
" Upon the Gentile lands,
" Thine Iſrael's glory and their hope
" To break their ſlaviſh bands."
[5. Jeſus! the viſion of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms;
Scarce ſhall I feel Death's cold embrace
If Chriſt be in my arms.
6. Then will ye hear my heartſtrings break;
How ſweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleneſs on my cheek,
And glory in my ſoul.]

XX. *Spiritual apparel*, namely, *The robe of righteouſneſs and garments of ſalvation*, Iſa. lxi. 10.

Awake my heart, ariſe my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God the life of all my joys
Aloud will I rejoice.

2. 'Tis he adorn'd my naked ſoul,
And made ſalvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces ſhine.

3. And leſt the ſhadow of a ſpot
Should on my ſoul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought
And caſt it all around.

4. How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
Theſe ornaments how bright they ſhine!
How white the garments are!

5. The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace,
But Jeſus ſpent his life to work
The robe of righteouſneſs.

6. Strangely my ſoul art thou array'd
By the Great Sacred Three!
In ſweeteſt harmony of praiſe
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

XXI. *A viſion of the kingdom of Chriſt among men*, Rev. xxi. 1—4.

Lo what a glorious ſight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and ſeas are paſs'd away
And the old rolling ſkies!

2. From the third heav'n, where God reſides,
That holy happy place,
The New Jeruſalem comes down
Adorn'd with ſhining grace.

3. Attending angels ſhout for joy
And the bright armies ſing,
" Mortals behold the ſacred ſeat
" Of your deſcending King.

4. " The God of glory down to men
" Removes his bleſs'd abode;
" Men the dear objects of his grace,
" And he the loving God.

5. " His own ſoft hand ſhall wipe the tears
" From ev'ry weeping eye,
" And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
" And death itſelf, ſhall die."

6. How long, dear Saviour! O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly ſwifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

XXII. *and* XXIII. *referred to the* 125*th Pſalm.*

XXIV. *The rich ſinner dying*, Pſal. xlix. 6—9. Eccleſ. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

In vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their ſhining duſt in vain,
Look down and ſcorn the humble poor,
And boaſt their lofty hills of gain : 4

2. Their golden cordials cannot eaſe
Their pained hearts or aking heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching Death
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds. 8

3. The ling'ring the unwilling ſoul
The diſmal ſummons muſt obey,
And bid a long a ſad farewell
To the pale lumps of lifeleſs clay. 12

4. Thence they are huddled to the grave
Where kings and ſlaves have equal thrones,
Their bones without diſtinction lie
Amongſt the heap of meaner bones. 16

The reſt referred to the 49th Pſalm.

XXV. *A viſion of the Lamb*, Rev. v. 6—9.

All mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes nor tire my ears,
Behold amidſt th' eternal throne
A viſion of the Lamb appears. 4

[2. Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes and ſev'n his horns,
To ſpeak his wiſdom and his pow'r.

3. Lo! he receives a ſealed book
From him that ſits upon the throne;
Jeſus my Lord prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.]

4. All the aſſembling ſaints around
Fall worſhipping before the Lamb,
And in new ſongs of goſpel ſound
Addreſs their honours to his name.

[5. The joy, the ſhout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlaſting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book to looſe the ſeals."]

6. Our voices join the heav'nly ſtrain
And with tranſporting pleaſure ſing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was ſlain
"To be our Teacher and our King!"

7. His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counſels deep deſigns;
His grace and vengeance ſhall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8. Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls from hell
With thine invaluable blood,
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

9. Worthy for ever is the Lord
That dy'd for treaſons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

XXVI. *Hope of heaven by the reſurrection of Chriſt*, 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

Bless'd be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.
2. When from the dead he rais'd his Son
And call'd him to the ſky
He gave our ſouls a lively hope
That they ſhould never die.
3. What tho' our inbred ſins require
Our fleſh to ſee the duſt?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe
So all his followers muſt.
4. There 's an inheritance divine
Reſerv'd againſt that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waſte away.
5. Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the ſalvation come;
We walk by faith as ſtrangers here
Till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

XXVII. *Aſſurance of heaven*, or, *A ſaint prepared to die*,
2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

[DEATH may diſſolve my body now
And bear my ſpirit home,
Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my ſalvation come?

2. With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith,
And wait the ſure reward.]

3. God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4. Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone,
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

5. Jeſus the Lord ſhall guard me ſafe
From ev'ry ill deſign,
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
This feeble ſoul of mine.

6. God is my everlaſting aid,
And hell ſhall rage in vain;
To him be higheſt glory paid
And endleſs praiſe. Amen.

XXVIII. *The triumph of Chriſt over the enemies of his church*, Iſa. lxiii. 1—3, &c.

WHAT mighty man or mighty God
Comes travelling in ſtate
Along the Idumean road
Away from Bozrah's gate?

2. The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis ſome victorious king:
"'Tis I the Juſt th' Almighty One
"That your ſalvation bring."

3. Why mighty Lord! thy ſaints inquire
Why thine apparel 's red,
And all thy veſture ſtain'd like thoſe
Who in the winepreſs tread?

4. "I by myſelf have trod the preſs
"And cruſh'd my foes alone,
"My wrath has ſtruck the rebels dead,
"My fury ſtamp'd them down.

5. "'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
"With joyful ſcarlet ſtains,
"The triumph that my raiment wears
"Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6. "Thus ſhall the nations be deſtroy'd
"That dare inſult my ſaints,
"I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
"An ear for their complaints."

XXIX. *The ſecond part*, or, *The ruin of Antichriſt*, Iſa. 4—7.

" I Lift my banner," ſaith the Lord,
" Where Antichriſt has ſtood;
" The city of my goſpel foes
" Shall be a field of blood.
2. " My heart has ſtudy'd juſt revenge,
" And now the day appears,
" The day of my redeem'd is come
" To wipe away their tears.
3. " Quite weary is my patience grown
" And bids my fury go;
" Swift as the lightning it ſhall move,
" And be as fatal too.
4. " I call for helpers but in vain;
" Then has my goſpel none?
" Well, mine own arm has might enough
" To cruſh my foes alone.
5. " Slaughter and my devouring ſword
" Shall walk the ſtreets around,
" Babel ſhall reel beneath my ſtroke
" And ſtagger to the ground."
6. Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand ſhall raiſe,
While we thy awful vengeance ſing,
And our Deliv'rer praiſe.

XXX. *Prayer for deliverance anſwered*, Iſa. xxvi. 8—20.

In thine own ways O God of love!
We wait the viſit of thy grace;
Our ſouls' deſire is to thy name
And the remembrance of thy face.
2. My thoughts are ſearching Lord! for thee
'Mongſt the black ſhades of loneſome night,
My earneſt cries ſalute the ſkies
Before the dawn reſtore the light.
3. Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God,
But they ſhall ſee thy lifted hand
And feel the ſcourges of thy rod.
4. Hark! The Eternal rends the ſky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of muſick to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
5. Come children to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce ſtorm be overblown
And my revenging fury ceaſe.
6. My ſword ſhall boaſt its thouſands ſlain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its ſoft and ſhady wings.

XXXI. *referred to the firſt Pſalm.*

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven*, Iſa. xl. 27—30.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts ariſe,
And where 's our courage fled?
Has reſtleſs ſin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2. Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and ſea,
And can an allcreating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3. Treaſures of everlaſting might
In our Jehovah dwell,
He gives the conqueſt to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4. Mere mortal pow'r ſhall fade and die,
And youthful vigour ceaſe,
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our ſtrength increaſe.

5. The ſaints ſhall mount on eagles' wings
And taſte the promis'd bliſs,
Till their unweary'd feet arrive
Where perfect pleaſure is.

XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII, *referred to Pſal.* cxxxi, cxxxiv, lxvii, lxxiii, xc, *and* lxxxiv.

XXXIX. *God's tender care of his church*, Iſa. xlix. 13, 14, *&c.*

Now ſhall my inward joys ariſe
And burſt into a ſong,
Almighty love inſpires my heart
And pleaſure tunes my tongue. 4

2. God on his thirſty Sion hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And ſolemn oaths have bound his love
To ſhow'r ſalvation down. 8

3. Why do we then indulge our fears
Suſpicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and ſhall his grace
Grow weary of his ſaints? 12

4. Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongſt a thouſand tender thoughts
Her ſuckling have no room? 16

5. "Yet," ſaith the Lord, "ſhould nature change,
"And mothers monſters prove,
"Sion ſtill dwells upon the heart
"Of everlaſting love. 20

6. "Deep on the palms of both my hands
"I have engrav'd her name,
"My hands ſhall raiſe her ruin'd walls
"And build her broken frame." 24

XL. *The buſineſs and bleſſedneſs of glorified ſaints*, Rev. vii. 13—15, &c.

" WHAT happy men or angels theſe
" That all their robes are ſpotleſs white?
" Whence did this glorious troop arrive
" At the pure realms of heav'nly light?" 4

2. From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And ſeas of their own blood, they came,
But nobler blood has waſh'd their robes,
Flowing from Chriſt, the dying Lamb! 8

3. Now they approach th'Almighty throne
With loud hoſannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Meaſure their bleſs'd eternity. 12

4. No more ſhall hunger pain their ſouls,
He bids their parching thirſt be gone,
And ſpreads the ſhadow of his wings
To ſkreen them from the ſcorching ſun. 16

5. The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall ſhed around his milder beams;
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living ſtreams. 20

6. Thus ſhall their mighty bliſs renew
Thro' the vaſt round of endleſs years,
And the ſoft hand of ſov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears. 24

XLI. *The ſame*, or, *The martyrs glorified*, Rev. vii. 13, *&c.*

"These glorious minds how bright they ſhine!
"Whence all their white array?
"How came they to the happy ſeats
"Of everlaſting day?"

2. From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white
In Jeſus' dying blood.

3. Now they approach a ſpotleſs God
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore The Holy One.

4. The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongſt his ſaints reſide,
While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

5. Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger fly as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6. The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains riſe,
And love divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

XLII. *Divine wrath and mercy, from* Nah. i. 1—3, &c.

ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a conſuming fire *,
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame
And raiſe his vengeance higher.

2. Almighty vengeance how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vaſt magazines of plagues and ſtorms
Lie treaſur'd for his foes.

3. Thoſe heaps of wrath by ſlow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4. At his approach the mountains fly
And ſeek a wat'ry grave,
The frighted ſea makes haſte away
And ſhrinks up ev'ry wave.

5. Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks
Are ſwift as hailſtones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That ſhakes the ſolid world?

6. Yet, mighty God! thy ſov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy choſen race
When wrath comes ruſhing down.

* *Heb.* xii. 29.

7. Thy hand ſhall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempeſt pour,
While we beneath thy ſhelt'ring wings
Thy juſt revenge adore.

XLIII. *referred to the 100th Pſalm.*

XLIV. *referred to the* 133d *Pſalm.*

XLV. *The laſt judgment*, Rev. xxi. 5—8.

See where the great incarnate God
Fills a majeſtick throne,
While from the ſkies his awful voice
Bears the laſt judgment down.

[2. " I am the firſt and I the laſt.
" Thro' endleſs years the ſame;
" I AM is my memorial ſtill,
" And my eternal name.

3. " Such favours as a God can give
" My royal grace beſtows;
" Ye thirſty ſouls come taſte the ſtreams
" Where life and pleaſure flows.]

[4. " The ſaint that triumphs o'er his ſins
" I'll own him for a ſon;
" The whole creation ſhall reward
" The conqueſts he has won.

5. " But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
" And all the lying race,
" The faithleſs and the ſcoffing crew,
" That ſpurn at offer'd grace;

6. "They ſhall be taken from my ſight,
"Bound faſt in iron chains,
"And headlong plung'd into the lake
"Where fire and darkneſs reigns."]

7. O may I ſtand before the Lamb
When earth and ſeas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With bleſſings on my head.

8. May I with thoſe for ever dwell
Who here were my delight,
While ſinners baniſh'd down to hell
No more offend my ſight.

XLVI. *and* XLVII. *referred to Pſal.* 148*th and* 3*d.*

XLVIII. *The Chriſtian race,* Iſa. xl. 28—31.

Awake our ſouls, (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2. True 't is a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint,
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

3. The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

4. From thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply,
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and drop and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

XLIX. *The works of Moſes and the Lamb*, Rev. xv. 3.

How ſtrong thine arm is mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jeſus, how ſweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2. He has done more than Moſes did,
Our prophet and our king;
From bonds of hell he freed our ſouls
And taught our lips to ſing.

3. In the Red Sea by Moſes' hand
Th' Egyptian hoſt was drown'd,
But his own blood hides all our ſins,
And guilt no more is found.

4. When thro' the deſert Iſrael went
With manna they were fed,
Our Lord invites us to his fleſh,
And calls it living bread.

5. Moſes beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place,
But Chriſt ſhall bring his followers home
To ſee his Father's face.

6. Then ſhall our love and joy be full
And feel a warmer flame
And ſweeter voices tune the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

L. *The ſong of Zacharias, and the meſſage of John The Baptiſt*, or, *Light and ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt*, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

Now be the God of Iſrael bleſs'd
Who makes his truth appear,
His mighty hand fulfils his word
And all the oaths he ſware.

2. Now he bedews old David's root
With bleſſings from the ſkies,
He makes the Branch of promiſe grow,
The promis'd Horn ariſe.

[3. John was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4. He makes the great ſalvation known,
He ſpeaks of pardon'd ſins,
While grace divine and heav'nly love
In its own glory ſhines.

5. " Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
" That takes our guilt away:
" I ſaw the Spirit o'er his head
" In his baptizing day.]

6. " Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
" Sink ev'ry mountain low,
" The proud muſt ſtoop, and humble ſouls
" Shall his ſalvation know.

7. " The Heathen realms with Iſrael's land
" Shall join in ſweet accord,
" And all that's born of man ſhall ſee
" The glory of the Lord.

8. " Behold the Morning-ſtar ariſe
" Ye that in darkneſs ſit,
" He marks the path that leads to peace,
" And guides our doubtful feet."

LI. *Perſevering grace*, Jude 24, 25.

To God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

2. 'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

3. He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd and complete
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.

4. Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace
And make his wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer God
Wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty
And everlaſting ſongs.

LII. *Baptiſm*, Matth. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

'TWAS the commiſſion of the Lord
"Go teach the nations and baptize :"
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he aſcended to the ſkies.

2. He ſits upon th' eternal hills
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And ſends his cov'nant with the ſeals
To bleſs the diſtant Britiſh lands.

3. Repent and be baptiz'd, he ſaith,
For the remiſſion of your ſins;
And thus our ſenſe aſſiſts our faith,
And ſhows us what his goſpel means.

4. Our ſouls he waſhes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean,
And the good Spirit from our God
Deſcends like purifying rain. 16

5. Thus we engage ourſelves to thee,
And ſeal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the Great Eternal Three
In heav'n our ſolemn vows record! 20

LIII. *The Holy Scriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Pſal. cxlvii. 19, 20.

God, who in various methods told
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace
To teach us in theſe latter days. 4

2. Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life that ſure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the ſweet conveyance giv'n. 8

3. God's kindeſt thoughts are here expreſs'd,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſs'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too. 12

4. Ye Britiſh Iſles who read his love
In long epiſtles from above
(He hath not ſent his ſacred word
To ev'ry land) praiſe ye the Lord. 16

LIV. *Electing grace*, or, *Saints beloved in Christ*, Eph. i. 3, &c.

Jesus! we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same:
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

2. Christ be my first elect, he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3. Thus did Eternal Love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

4. Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees but chose at once,
A new regenerated race
To praise the glory of his grace.

5. With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart,
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd
Till he forgets his first-belov'd.

LV. *Hezekiah's song*, or, *Sickness and recovery*, Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

When we are rais'd from deep distress
Our God deserves a song,
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2. The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them faſt again.

3. Pains of the fleſh are wont t' abuſe
Our minds with ſlaviſh fears;
" Our days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
" The remnant of our years."

4. We chatter with a ſwallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterneſs inſtead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5. Jehovah ſpeaks the healing word
And no diſeaſe withſtands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6. If half the ſtrings of life ſhould break
He can our frame reſtore;
He caſts our ſins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

LVI. *The ſong of Moſes and the Lamb*, or, *Babylon falling*, Rev. xv. 3. *and* xvi. 19. *and* xvii. 6.

We ſing the glories of thy love,
We ſound thy dreadful name;
The Chriſtian church unites the ſongs
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

2. Great God! how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3. Who dares refuse to fear thy name
Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Thro' all the nations known.

4. Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5. The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord her sov'reign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

LVII. *Original sin*, or, *The first and second Adam*,
Rom. v. 12, &c. Psal. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

Backward with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2. To all that 's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that 's ill,
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

[3. Conceiv'd in ſin (O wretched ſtate!)
Before we draw our breath
The firſt young pulſe begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4. How ſtrong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood
Wanders thro' all our veins!]

[5. Wild and unwholeſome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From ſuch a deadly tree?

6. What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital ſtream
From an infected ſpring?]

7. Yet, mighty God! thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Chriſt and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and ſin.

8. The ſecond Adam ſhall reſtore
The ruins of the firſt;
Hoſanna to that ſov'reign Pow'r
That new creates our duſt!

LVIII. *The devil vanquiſhed*, or, *Michael's war with the Dragon*, Rev. xii. 7.

LET mortal tongues attempt to ſing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael ſtood
Chief gen'ral of th' Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2. Againſt the Dragon and his hoſt
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boaſt,
Their courage ſinks, their weapons fail.

3. Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell,
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And ſhook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4. Now is the hour of darkneſs paſt,
Chriſt has aſſum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuſer caſt
Down from the ſkies to riſe no more.

5. 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb!
Thine armies trod the tempter down,
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6. Rejoice ye heav'ns, let ev'ry ſtar
Shine with new glories round the ſky:
Saints while ye ſing the heav'nly war
Raiſe your Deliv'rer's name on high.

L.X. *Babylon fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

In Gabriel's hand a mighty ſtone
Lies a fair type of Babylon:
Prophets rejoice ar d all ye ſaints,
God ſhall avenge your long complaints. 4
2. He ſaid, and dreadfu. as he ſtood
He ſunk the milſtone in the flood:
Thus terribly ſhall Babel fall;
Thus and no more be found at all. 8

LX. *The Virgin Mary's ſong*, or, *The promiſed Meſſiah born*, Luke i. 46, *&c.*

Our ſouls ſhall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the Virgin's ſong
May the ſame Spirit tune our voice. 4
[2. The Higheſt ſaw her low «tate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overſhadowing pow r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son. 8
3. Let ev'ry nation call her bleſt,
And endleſs years prolong her fame;
But God alone muſt be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.] 12
4. To thoſe that fear and truſt the Lord
His mercy ſtands for ever ſure;
From age to age his promiſe lives,
And the performance is ſecure. 16

5. He ſpake to Abra'm and his ſeed,
"In thee ſhall all the earth be bleſt:"
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breaſt.
6. But now no more ſhall Iſrael wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo the Deſire of nations comes;
Behold the promis'd ſeed is born!

LXI. *Chriſt our high Prieſt and King, and Chriſt coming to judgment*, Rev. i. 5—7.

Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.
2. 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood,
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
3. To Jeſus our atoning Prieſt,
To Jeſus our ſuperiour King,
Be everlaſting pow'r confeſt,
And ev'ry tongue his glory ſing.
4. Behold on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye ſhall ſee him move;
Tho' with our ſins we pierc'd him once,
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

5. The unbelieving world ſhall wail
While we rejoice to ſee the day.
Come Lord, nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

LXII. *Chriſt Jeſus the Lamb of God worſhipped by all the creation*, Rev. v. 11,—13.

Come let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.
3. Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine,
And bleſſings more than we can give
Be Lord for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.
5. The whole creation join in one
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. *Chriſt's humiliation and exaltation*, Rev. v. 12.

WHAT equal honours ſhall we bring
To thee O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels ſing
Are far inferiour to thy name?

2. Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to riſe, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's ſide.

3. Pow'r and dominion are his due
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too
Tho' he was charg'd with madneſs here.

4. All riches are his native right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing loſs;
To him aſcribe eternal might
Who left his weakneſs on the croſs.

5. Honour immortal muſt be paid
Inſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn,
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6. Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb
Who bore the curſe for wretched men:
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay Amen.

LXIV. *Adoption*, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of God.

2. 'Tis no ſurpriſing thing
That we ſhould be unknown:
The Jewiſh world knew not their King,
God's everlaſting Son.

3. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made,
But when we ſee our Saviour here
We ſhall be like our head.

4. A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

5. If in my Father's love
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To reſt upon my heart.

6. We would no longer lie
Like ſlaves beneath the throne;
My faith ſhall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

LXV. *The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord*, or, *The day of judgment*, Rev. xi. 15.

Let the ſev'nth angel ſound on high,
Let ſhouts be heard thro' all the ſky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
2. Almighty God! thy pow'r aſſume,
Who waſt, and art, and art to come:
Jeſus the Lamb, who once was ſlain,
For ever live, for ever reign!
3. The angry nations fret and roar
That they can ſlay the ſaints no more:
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.
4. Now muſt the riſing dead appear,
Now the deciſive ſentence hear,
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

LXVI. *Chriſt the King at his table*, Sol. Song, i. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

Let him embrace my ſoul, and prove
Mine int'reſt in his heav'nly love:
The voice that tells me "Thou art mine"
Exceeds the bleſſings of the vine.

2. On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And ſpreads the ſavour of thy name;
That oil of gladneſs and of grace
Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face.

3. Jeſus, allure me by thy charms,
My ſoul ſhall fly into thine arms!
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

[4. Wonder and pleaſure tunes our voice
To ſpeak thy praiſes and our joys:
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taſte of richeſt wine.]

5. Tho' in ourſelves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

[6. While at his table ſits the King
He loves to ſee us ſmile and ſing:
Our graces are our beſt perfume,
And breathe like ſpikenard round the room.]

7. As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Chriſt to me,
And while he makes my ſoul his gueſt
My boſom Lord ſhall be thy reſt.

[8. No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare,
And here we wait until thy love
Raiſe us to nobler ſeats above.]

LXVII. *Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shepherd,* Sol. Song, i. 7.

Thou whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow? 4

2. Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest among them sleep. 8

3. Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love. 12

[4. The footsteps of thy flock I see,
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears. 16

5. His dearest flesh he makes my food
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come
Till my Beloved lead me home.] 20

LXVIII. *The banquet of love*, Sol. Song, ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

Behold the rose of Sharon here,
The lily which the vallies bear,
Behold the tree of life that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves. 4

2. Amongſt the thorns ſo lilies ſhine,
Amongſt wild gourds the noble vine,
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves
Amidſt a thouſand meaner loves.

3. Beneath his cooling ſhade I ſat
To ſhield me from the burning heat:
Of heav'nly fruit he ſpreads a feaſt
To feed mine eyes and pleaſe my taſte.

[4. Kindly he brought me to the place
Where ſtands the banquet of his grace;
He ſaw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he ſpread.

5. With living bread and gen'rous wine
He cheers this ſinking heart of mine,
And op'ning his own heart to me
He ſhows his thoughts how kind they be.]

6. O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and reſt upon my heart;
I charge my ſins not once to move,
Nor ſtir, nor wake, nor grieve, my Love.

LXIX. *Chriſt appearing to his church, and ſeeking her company*, Sol. Song, ii. 8,—13.

THE voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the rocks and riſing grounds:
O'er hills of guilt and ſeas of grief
He leaps he flies to my relief.

2. Now thro' the veil of flefh I fee
With eyes of love he looks at me,
Now in the gofpel's cleareft glafs
He fhews the beauties of his face.

3. Gently he draws my heart along
Both with his beauties and his tongue:
" Rife," faith my Lord, " make hafte away,
" No mortal joys are worth thy ftay.

4. " The Jewifh wintry ftate is gone,
" The mifts are fled the fpring comes on,
" The facred turtledove we hear
" Proclaim the new the joyful year.

5. " Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
" Bloffoms and buds and gives her fruit."
Lo! we are come to tafte the wine,
Our fouls rejoice and blefs the vine.

6. And when we hear our Jefus fay
" Rife up my love, make hafte away,"
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

LXX. *Chrift inviting, and the church anfwering the invitation*, Sol. Song, ii. 14, 16, 17.

HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From caves of darknefs and of doubt
He gently fpeaks and calls us out.

2. " My dove, who hideſt in the rock,
" Thine heart almoſt with ſorrow broke,
" Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
" And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3. " Thy voice to me ſounds ever ſweet,
" My graces in thy count'nance meet;
" Tho' the vain world thy face deſpiſe
" 'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4. Dear Lord! our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips ſhall raiſe
The voice of prayer and of praiſe.]

[5. I am my Love's and he is mine,
Our hearts, our hopes, our paſſions, join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought, ariſe to grieve my Lord.

6. My ſoul to paſtures fair he leads
Amongſt the lilies where he feeds;
Amongſt the ſaints (whoſe robes are white
Waſh'd in his blood) is his delight.

7. Till the day break and ſhadows flee,
Till the ſweet dawning light I ſee,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my ſoul in darkneſs mourn.

8. Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and ſin,
Nor guilt nor unbelief divide
My Love my Saviour from my ſide.]

LXXI. *Christ found in the street and brought to the church,*
Sol. Song, iii. 1—5.

OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft' but find him not. 4

2. Then I arise and search the street
Till I my Lord my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night
"Where did you see my soul's delight?" 8

3. Sometimes I find him in my way
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace. 12

[4. I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Sion's sacred chambers where
My soul first drew the vital air. 16

5. He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.] 20

[6. I charge you all ye earthly toys
Approach not to disturb my joys,
Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart. 24

LXXII. *The coronation of Christ and espousals of the church*, Sol. Song, iii. 2.

DAUGHTERS of Sion come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2. Jesus, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the welldeserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3. Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals Lord to thee,
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4. The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink nor love grow cold.

5. Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6. O that the months would roll away
And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne
With all his Father's glories on

LXXIII. *The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ*, Sol. Song, iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

Kind is the ſpeech of Chriſt our Lord,
Affection ſounds in ev'ry word;
"Lo! thou art fair my love!" he cries,
"Not the young doves have ſweeter eyes.

[2. "Sweet are thy lips, thy pleaſing voice
"Salutes mine ear with ſecret joys;
"No ſpice ſo much delights the ſmell,
"Nor milk nor honey taſte ſo well.]

3. "Thou art all fair my bride to me,
"I will behold no ſpot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs
And puts a comelineſs on worms!

4. Defil'd and loathſome as we are
He makes us white and calls us fair,
Adorns us with that heav'nly dreſs,
His graces and his righteouſneſs.

5. "My ſiſter and my ſpouſe," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
"In ſtrong delight and pleaſing chains."

6. He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beaſts and men,
To Sion where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half ſo fair.

7. Nor dens of prey nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet or force my ſtay
When Chriſt invites my ſoul away.

LXXIV. *The church the garden of Chriſt*, Sol. Song, iv. 12, 14, 15, *and* v. 1.

We are a garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar ground,
A little ſpot enclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

2. Like trees of myrrh and ſpice we ſtand
Planted by God the Father's hand,
And all his ſprings in Sion flow
To make the young plantation grow.

3. Awake, O heav'nly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume,
Spirit divine! deſcend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4. Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God,
And faith, and love, and joy, appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

[5. Let my Beloved come and taſte
His pleaſant fruits at his own feaſt.
"I come my ſpouſe, I come," he cries,
With love and pleaſure in his eyes.

6. Our Lord into his garden comes,
Wellpleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7. "Eat of the tree of life my friends,
"The blessings that my Father sends;
"Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
"And drink abundance of my love."

8. Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord;
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

LXXV. *The description of Christ the Beloved*, Sol. Song, v. 9—12, 14—16.

The wond'ring world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
"What are his charms," say they, "above
"The objects of a mortal love?"

2. Yes, my Beloved to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3. White is his soul, from blemish free,
Red with the blood he shed for me,
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

[4. His head the fineſt gold excels,
There wiſdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Thoſe temples once beſet with thorns.

5. Compaſſions in his heart are found
Hard by the ſignals of his wound;
His ſacred ſide no more ſhall bear
The cruel ſcourge the piercing ſpear.]

[6. His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds ſet in rings of gold;
Thoſe heav'nly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled, for me.

7. Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees
Loaded with ſins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars ſtand.]

[8. His eyes are majeſty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more ſhall trickling ſorrows roll
Thro' thoſe dear windows of his ſoul.]

9. His mouth that pour'd out long complaints
Now ſmiles and cheers his fainting ſaints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10. All over glorious is my Lord,
Muſt be belov'd and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

LXXVI. *Chriſt dwells in heaven, but viſits on earth,* Sol. Song, vi. 1—3, 12.

WHEN ſtrangers ſtand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may ſeek and love him too.

2. My beſt Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown,
But he deſcends and ſhows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

[3. In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order ſtand,
He feeds among the ſpicy beds
Where lilies ſhow their ſpotleſs heads.

4. He has engroſs'd my warmeſt love,
No earthly charms my ſoul can move;
I have a manſion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell ſhall make us part.]

5. He takes my ſoul ere I 'm aware
And ſhows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heav'nly rapture can deſcribe.

6. O may my ſpirit daily riſe
On wings of faith above the ſkies,
Till death ſhall make my laſt remove
To dwell for ever with my Love.]

LXXVII. *The love of Christ to the church in his language to her and provisions for her*, Sol. Song, vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

Now in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
" How fair my saints are in my sight,
" My love how pleasant for delight!"

2. Kind is thy language sov'reign Lord,
There 's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3. Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

4. These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5. In Paradise within the gates
An higher entertainment waits,
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed but thirst no more.

LXXVIII. *The ſtrength of Chriſt's love, and the ſoul's jealouſy of her own*, Sol. Song, viii. 5—7, 13, 14.

[Who is this fair one in diſtreſs
That travels from the wilderneſs,
And preſs'd with ſorrows and with ſins
On her beloved Lord ſhe leans?
2. This is the ſpouſe of Chriſt our God,
Bought with the treaſures of his blood,
And her requeſt and her complaint
Is but the voice of ev'ry ſaint.]
3. " O let my name engraven ſtand
" Both on thy heart and on thy hand,
" Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
" That pledge of love for ever there.
4. " Stronger than death thy love is known,
" Which floods of wrath could never drown,
" And hell and earth in vain combine
" To quench a fire ſo much divine.
5. " But I am jealous of my heart
" Leſt it ſhould once from thee depart,
" Then let thy name be well impreſt
" As a fair ſignet on my breaſt.
6. " Till thou haſt brought me to thy home,
" Where fears and doubts can never come,
" Thy count'nance let me often ſee,
" And often thou ſhalt hear from me.

7. "Come my beloved, haſte away,
"Cut ſhort the hours of thy delay,
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where ſpices grow." 28

LXXIX. *A morning Hymn*, Pſal. xix. 5, 8. *and* lxxiii. 24, 25.

God of the morning, at whoſe voice
The cheerful ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the ſkies; 4

2. From the fair chambers of the eaſt
The circuit of his race begins,
And without wearineſs or reſt
Round the whole earth he flies and ſhines; 8

3. Oh! like the ſun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way. 12

4. But I ſhall rove and loſe the race
If God my ſun ſhall diſappear,
And leave me in the world's wild maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring ſtar. 16

5. Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes,
Thy threat'nings juſt, thy promiſe ſure,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe. 20

6. Give me thy counſel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliſs;
All my deſires and hopes beſide
Are faint and cold compar'd with this. 24

LXXX. *An evening Hymn*, Pſal. iv. 8. *and* iii. 5, 6. *and* cxliii. 8.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace. 4

2. Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home,
But he forgives my follies paſt,
He gives me ſtrength for days to come. 8

3. I lay my body down to ſleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While wellappointed angels keep
Their watchful ſtations round my bed. 12

4. In vain the ſons of earth or hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful things;
My God in ſafety makes me dwell
Beneath the ſhadow of his wings. 16

[5. Faith in his name forbids my fear,
O may thy preſence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart. 20

6. Thus when the night of death ſhall come
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.] 24

LXXXI. *A Song for morning or evening*, Lam. iii. 23. Iſa. xlv. 7.

My God! how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently diſtil like early dew. 4

2. Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my ſleeping hours!
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all my drowſy pow'rs. 8

3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I conſecrate my days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe. 12

LXXXII. *God far above creatures*, or, *Man vain and mortal*, Job iv. 17—21.

Shall the vile race of fleſh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms preſume to be
More holy, wiſe, or juſt, than he? 4

2. Behold he puts his truſt in none
Of all the ſpirits round his throne;
Their natures when compar'd with his
Are neither holy, juſt, nor wiſe.

3. But how much meaner things are they
Who ſpring from duſt and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath
We faint and vaniſh like the moth.

4. From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thouſands in thy ſight,
Bury'd in duſt whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5. Almighty Pow'r! to thee we bow,
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the ſons of earth ſhall dare
With an eternal God compare.

LXXXIII. *Afflictions and death under Providence*, Job v. 6—8.

Not from the duſt affliction grows,
Nor troubles riſe by chance,
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A ſad inheritance!

2. As ſparks break out from burning coals
And ſtill are upwards borne
So grief is rooted in our ſouls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3. Yet with my God I leave my cauſe,
And truſt his promis'd grace,
He rules me by his wellknown laws
Of love and righteouſneſs.

4. Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall ſpoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father pleaſe.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, righteouſneſs, and ſtrength, in Chriſt,* Iſa. xlv. 21—25.

Jehovah ſpeaks, let Iſrael hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His ſov'reign honours and his names.

2. "I am the laſt and I the firſt,
"The Saviour God, and God the juſt,
"There 's none beſide pretends to ſhew
"Such juſtice and ſalvation too.

[3. "Ye that in ſhades of darkneſs dwell,
"Juſt on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from diſtant lands,
"Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hands.

4. "I by my holy name have ſworn,
"Nor ſhall the word in vain return,
"To me ſhall all things bend the knee,
"And ev'ry tongue ſhall ſwear to me.]

5. " In me alone ſhall men confeſs
" Lies all their ſtrength and righteouſneſs;
" But ſuch as dare deſpiſe my name
" I 'll clothe them with eternal ſhame.
6. " In me the Lord ſhall all the ſeed
" Of Iſrael from their ſins be freed,
" And by their ſhining graces prove
" Their int'reſt in my pard'ning love."

LXXXV. *The ſame.*

The Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne,
" Mercy and Juſtice are the names
" By which I will be known.
2. " Ye dying ſouls that ſit
" In darkneſs and diſtreſs
" Look from the borders of the pit
" To my recov'ring grace."
3. Sinners ſhall hear the ſound,
Their thankful tongues ſhall own
" Our righteouſneſs and ſtrength is found
" In thee the Lord alone."
4. In thee ſhall Iſrael truſt
And ſee their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the ſinner juſt
And take the ſaints to heav'n.

LXXXVI. *God holy, juſt, and ſovereign,* Job ix. 2—10.

How ſhould the ſons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteouſneſs
We fall beneath his rod.

2. To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thouſand faults
Can bear a juſt defence.

3. Strong is his arm, his heart is wiſe:
What vain preſumers dare
Againſt their Maker's hand to riſe,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

[4. Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old ſeats are torn,
He ſhakes the earth from ſouth to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5. He bids the ſun forbear to riſe,
Th' obedient ſun forbears;
His hand with ſackcloth ſpreads the ſkies
And ſeals up all the ſtars.

6. He walks upon the ſtormy ſea,
Flies on the ſtormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footſteps find.]

LXXXVII. *God dwells with the humble and penitent*, Iſa. lvii. 15, 16.

Thus ſaith the high and lofty One
" I ſit upon my holy throne;
" My name is God, I dwell on high,
" Dwell in my own eternity.

2. " But I deſcend to worlds below,
" On earth I have a manſion too;
" The humble ſpirit and contrite
" Is an abode of my delight.

3. " The humble ſoul my words revive,
" I bid the mourning ſinner live,
" Heal all the broken hearts I find,
" And eaſe the ſorrows of the mind.

[4. " When I contend againſt their ſin
" I make them know how vile they 'ave been,
" But ſhould my breath for ever ſmoke
" Their ſouls would ſink beneath my ſtroke."

5. O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair, and die!
Thus ſhall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chaſt'ning love.]

LXXXVIII. *Life the day of grace and hope*, Eccleſ. ix. 4—6, 10.

Life is the time to ſerve the Lord,
The time t' inſure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vileſt ſinner may return.

[2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'ſcape from hell and fly to heav'n,
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.]

3. The living know that they muſt die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their mem'ry and their ſenſe is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[4. Their hatred and their love is loſt,
Their envy bury'd in the duſt,
They have no ſhare in all that 's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.]

5. Then what my thoughts deſign to do
My hands with all your might purſue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6. There are no acts of pardon paſt
In the cold grave to which we haſte,
But darkneſs, death, and long deſpair,
Reign in eternal ſilence there.

LXXXIX. *Youth and judgment*, Eccleſ. xi. 9.

Ye ſons of Adam vain and young,
Indulge your eyes indulge your tongue,
Taſte the delights your ſouls deſire,
And give a looſe to all your fire.

2. Purſue the pleaſures you deſign,
And cheer your hearts with ſongs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know
There is a day of judgment too. 8

3. God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your ſecret faults;
The works of darkneſs you have done
Muſt all appear before the ſun. 12

4. The vengeance to your follies due
Should ſtrike your hearts with terrour thro':
How will ye ſtand before his face,
Or anſwer for his injur'd grace? 16

5. Almighty God! turn off their eyes
From theſe alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their ſouls to fear the Lord. 20

XC. *The ſame.*

Lo! the young tribes of Adam riſe,
And thro' all nature rove,
Fulfil the wiſhes of their eyes,
And taſte the joys they love. 4

2. They give a looſe to wild deſires,
But let the ſinners know
The ſtrict account that God requires
Of all the works they do. 8

3. The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and ſeas
Avoid the fury of his eye
And fly before his face. 12

4. How ſhall I bear that dreadful day
And ſtand the fiery teſt!
I give all mortal joys away
To be for ever bleſt. 16

XCI. *Advice to youth*, or, *Old age and death in an unconverted ſtate*, Eccleſ. xii. 1, 7. Iſa. lxv. 20.

Now in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God:
Behold the months come haſt'ning on
When you ſhall ſay "My joys are gone." 4

2. Behold the aged ſinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead
With endleſs curſes on his head. 8

3. The duſt returns to duſt again;
The ſoul in agonies of pain
Aſcends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and ſinks to hell. 12

4. Eternal King! I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And when my ſoul muſt hence remove
Give me a manſion in thy love. 16

XCII. *Christ the wisdom of God*, Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

SHALL Wisdom cry aloud
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's Eternal Word
Deserves it no regard?

2. "I was his chief delight,
"His ever'lasting Son,
"Before the first of all his works,
"Creation, was begun.

[3. "Before the flying clouds,
"Before the solid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4. "When he adorn'd the skies,
"And built them, I was there
"To order when the sun should rise,
"And marshal ev'ry star.

5. "When he pour'd out the sea,
"And spread the flowing deep,
"I gave the flood a firm decree
"In its own bounds to keep.]

6. "Upon the empty air
"The earth was balanc'd well;
"With joy I saw the mansion where
"The sons of men should dwell.

7. " My buſy thoughts at firſt
" On their ſalvation ran,
" Ere ſin was born or Adam's duſt
" Was faſhion'd to a man.

8. Then come, receive my grace
" Ye children, and be wiſe;
" Happy the man that keeps my ways,
" The man that ſhuns them dies."

XCIII. *Chriſt or Wiſdom obeyed or reſiſted*, Prov. viii. 34—36.

Thus ſaith the Wiſdom of the Lord
" Bleſs'd is the man that hears my word,
" Keeps daily watch before my gates,
" And at my feet for mercy waits.

2. " The ſoul that ſeeks me ſhall obtain
" Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
" Immortal life is his reward,
" Life and the favour of the Lord.

3. But the vile wretch that flies from me
" Doth his own ſoul an injury;
" Fools that againſt my grace rebel
" Seek death, and love the road to hell."

XCIV. *Juſtification by faith not by works*, or, *The law condemns, grace juſtifies*, Rom. iii. 19—22.

Vain are the hopes the ſons of men
On their own works have built,
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2. Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouths
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

3. In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4. Jeſus! how glorious is thy grace
When in thy name we truſt!
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs
That makes the ſinner juſt.

XCV. *Regeneration*, John i. 13. *and* iii. 3, &c.

Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man nor blood nor birth,
Can raiſe a ſoul to heav'n.

2. The ſov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3. The Spirit like ſome heav'nly wind
Blows on the ſons of fleſh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afreſh.

4. Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death,
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

XCVI. *Election excludes boasting*, 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

But few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.

2. He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God,
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

3. He calls the fool and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace
To bring aspiring wisdom low
And all its pride abase.

4. Nature has all its glories lost
When brought before his throne,
No flesh shall in his presence boast
But in the Lord alone.

XCVII. *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c.* 1 Cor. i. 30.

Bury'd in shadows of the night
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2. Our guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears
Till his atoning blood appears,
Then we awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing "The Lord our righteouſneſs!"

3. Our very frame is mix'd with ſin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean:
Such virtues from his ſuff'rings flow
At once to cleanſe and pardon too.

4. Jeſus beholds where Satan reigns
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains,
He ſets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5. Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, wiſdom, pow'r, and righteouſneſs:
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole ſelves O Lord to thee.

XCVIII. *The ſame.*

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Chriſt with his reviving light
Over our ſouls ariſe!

2. Our guilty ſpirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n,
But in his righteouſneſs array'd
We ſee our ſins forgiv'n.

3. Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure
With ſanctifying grace.

4. The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our ſouls in vain,
He ſets the ſons of bondage free
And breaks the curſed chain.

5. Lord! we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy ſov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

XCIX. *Stones made children of Abraham*, or, *Grace not conveyed by religious parents*, Matth. iii. 9.

VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Deſcended from a pious race
(Their fathers now with God.)

2. He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardeſt ſtones,
And fill the houſe of Abra'm well
With new-created ſons.

3. Such wondrous pow'r doth he poſſeſs
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptineſs,
The world obey'd and came.

C. *Believe and be ſaved*, John iii. 16—18.

NOT to condemn the ſons of men
Did Chriſt the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are ſeen,
No flaming ſword nor thunder there.
 2. Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men ſo well,
He ſent his Son to bear our load
Of ſins, and ſave our ſouls from hell.
 3. Sinners! believe the Saviour's word,
Truſt in his mighty name and live,
A thouſand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thouſand bleſſings give.
 4. But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuſe the grace;
Who God's eternal Son deſpiſe
The hotteſt hell ſhall be their place.

CI. *Joys in heaven for a repenting ſinner*, Luke xv. 7, 10.

WHO can deſcribe the joys that riſe
Thro' all the courts of Paradiſe
To ſee a prodigal return,
To ſee an heir of glory born?
 2. With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and ſees
The purchaſe of his agonies.

3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy ſoul he form'd anew,
And ſaints and angels join to ſing
The growing empire of their King.

CII. *The beatitudes*, Matth. v. 2—12.

[Bless'd are the humble ſouls that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty,
Treaſures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]
[2. Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart,
The blood of Chriſt divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.]
[3. Bleſs'd are the meek who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war,
God will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.]
[4. Bleſs'd are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs,
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living ſtreams and living bread.]
[5. Bleſs'd are the men whoſe bowels move
And melt with ſympathy and love,
From Chriſt the Lord ſhall they obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.]

[6. Bleſs'd are the pure whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of ſin,
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.]

[7. Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife,
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.]

[8. Bleſs'd are the ſuff'rers who partake
Of pain and ſhame for Jeſus' ſake,
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

CIII. *Not aſhamed of the goſpel*, 2 Tim. i. 12.

I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

2. Jeſus my God! I know his name,
His name is all my truſt,
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame
Nor let my hope be loſt.

3. Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I 'ave committed to his hands
Till the deciſive hour.

4. Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

CIV. *A ſtate of nature and grace*, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

Not the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves nor ſland'rers, ſhall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2. Surpriſing grace! and ſuch were we
By nature and by ſin,
Heirs of immortal miſery,
Unholy and unclean.

3. But we are waſh'd in Jeſus' blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his name,
And the good Spirit of our God
Has ſanctify'd our frame.

4. O for a perſevering pow'r
To keep thy juſt commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

CV. *Heaven inviſible and holy*, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

Nor eye hath ſeen nor ear has heard,
Nor ſenſe nor reaſon known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For thoſe that love the Son.

2. But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3. Pure are the joys above the ſky,
And all the region peace,
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.

4. Thoſe holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, ſin, and ſhame;
None ſhall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5. He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain ſhall ſtrive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

CVI. *Dead to ſin by the croſs of Chriſt*, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

Shall we go on to ſin
Becauſe thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again
And open all his wounds?

2. Forbid it mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be ſaid
That we whoſe ſins are crucify'd
Should raiſe them from the dead.

3. We will be ſlaves no more
Since Chriſt has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his croſs
And bought our liberty.

CVII. *The fall and recovery of man*, or, *Chriſt and Satan at enmity*, Gen. iii. 1. 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

Deceiv'd by ſubtile ſnares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell,
When Satan in the ſerpent hid
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
2. Death was the threat'ning; death began
To take poſſeſſion of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curſes ſmote the ground.
3. But Satan found a worſe reward;
Thus ſaith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlaſting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's ſeed and thee.
4. "The woman's ſeed ſhall be my Son,
"He ſhall deſtroy what thou haſt done,
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."
[5. He ſpake, and bid four thouſand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy deſcend to earth,
And ſing the young Redeemer's birth.

6. Lo! by the sons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

CVIII. *Christ unseen and beloved*, 1 Pet. i. 8.

Not with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2. On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord! our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3. And when we taste thy love
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

CIX. *The value of Christ and his righteousness*, Phil. iii. 7—9.

No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done,
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2. Now for the love I bear his name
What was my gain I count my loss,
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross,

3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
4. The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CX. *Death and immediate glory*, 2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.
2. Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall,
Then O my soul with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
3. 'Tis he by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heav'n,
And as an earnest of the place
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
4. We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word,
But while the body is our home
We 're absent from the Lord.

5. 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh
And preſent Lord with thee.

CXI. *Salvation by grace*, Titus iii. 3—7.

[Lord! we confeſs our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Fooliſh and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were ſin.
2. But O my ſoul for ever praiſe,
For ever love, his name
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, ſin, and ſhame.]
[3. 'Tis not by works of righteouſneſs
Which our own hands have done,
But we are ſav'd by ſov'reign grace
Abounding thro' his Son.]
4. 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin,
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our ſouls are waſh'd from ſin.
5. 'Tis thro' the purchaſe of his death
Who hung upon the tree
The Spirit is ſent down to breathe
On ſuch dry bones as we.

6. Rais'd from the dead we live anew,
And juſtify'd by grace
We ſhall appear in glory too
And ſee our Father's face.

CXII. *The brazen ſerpent*, or, *Looking to Jeſus*, John iii. 14—16.

So did the Hebrew prophet raiſe
The brazen ſerpent high,
The wounded felt immediate eaſe,
The camp forbore to die.

2. "Look upward in the dying hour
"And live," the prophet cries,
But Chriſt performs a nobler cure
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3. High on the croſs the Saviour hung,
High on the heav'ns he reigns,
Here ſinners by th' old ſerpent ſtung
Look and forget their pains.

4. Then God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives,
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

CXIII. *Abraham's bleſſing on the Gentiles*, Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

How large the promiſe, how divine,
To Abra'm and his ſeed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

2. The words of his extenſive love
From age to age endure,
The angel of the cov'nant proves
And ſeals the bleſſing ſure.
3. Jeſus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers giv'n,
He takes young children to his arms
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
4. Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the ſame,
Nor from the promiſe of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

CXIV. *The ſame*, Rom xi. 16, 17.

GENTILES! by nature we belong
To the wild olive wood,
Grace took us from the barren tree
And grafts us in the good.
2. With the ſame bleſſings grace beſtows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root
Such are the branches too.
3. Then let the children of the ſaints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them Lord,
And waſh them in thy blood.

4. Thus to the parents and their ſeed
Shall thy ſalvation come,
And num'rous houſeholds meet at laſt
In one eternal home.

CXV. *Conviction of ſin by the law*, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

Lord! how ſecure my conſcience was
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law
And thought my ſins were dead.
2. My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
But ſince the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light
I find how vile I am.
[3. My guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
Till terribly I ſaw
How perfect, holy, juſt, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.
4. Then felt my ſoul the heavy load,
My ſins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were ſlain.]
5. I'm like a helpleſs captive ſold
Under the pow'r of ſin,
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conſcience clean.

6. My God! I cry with ev'ry breath
For ſome kind pow'r to ſave,
To break the yoke of ſin and death
And thus redeem the ſlave.

CXVI. *Love to God and our neighbour*, Matth. xxii 37—40.

Thus ſaith the firſt the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God
"With utmoſt vigour and delight.

2. "Then ſhall thy neighbour next in place
"Share thine affections and eſteem,
"And let thy kindneſs to thyſelf
"Meaſure and rule thy love to him."

3. This is the ſenſe that Moſes ſpoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law 's fulfill'd by love.

4. But oh how baſe our paſſions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord! fill our ſouls with heav'nly fire,
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy will.

CXVII. *Election ſovereign and free*, Rom. ix 21—24.

[Behold the potter and the clay,
He forms his veſſels as he pleaſe:
Such is our God, and ſuch are we
The ſubjects of his high decrees,

2. Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the maſs which part to chuſe,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler uſe?]

3. May not the ſov'reign Lord on high
Diſpenſe his favours as he will,
Chuſe ſome to life while others die,
And yet be juſt and gracious ſtill?

[4. What if to make his terrour known
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on
And ſeal their own deſtruction ſure?

5. What if he means to ſhew his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out ſome of mortal race,
And forms them fit for heav'nly joys?]

6. Shall man reply againſt the Lord
And call his Maker's ways unjuſt,
The thunder of whoſe dreadful word
Can cruſh a thouſand worlds to duſt?

7. But O my ſoul! if truth ſo bright
Should dazzle and confound thy ſight,
Yet ſtill his written will obey,
And wait the great deciſive day.

8. Then ſhall he make his juſtice known
And the whole world before his throne
With joy or terrour ſhall confeſs
The glory of his righteouſneſs.

CXVIII. *Moses and Christ*, or, *Sins against the law and gospel*, John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. *and* x. 28, 29.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2. Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3. Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

4. The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5. But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls
And dare resist his grace.

CXIX. *The different success of the gospel*, 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2. But ſouls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They ſee what wiſdom, pow'r, and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.
3. The vital ſavour of his name
Reſtores their fainting breath,
But unbelief perverts the ſame
To guilt, deſpair, and death.
4. Till God diffuſe his graces down
Like ſhow'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos ſows the ground
And Paul may plant in vain.

CXX. *Faith of things unſeen*, Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

Faith is the brighteſt evidence
Of things beyond our ſight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of fleſh and ſenſe,
And dwells in heav'nly light.
2. It ſets times paſt in preſent view,
Brings diſtant proſpects home
Of things a thouſand years ago,
Or thouſand years to come.
3. By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm to unknown countries led
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4. He ſought a city fair and high
Built by th' eternal hands,
And faith aſſures us tho' we die
That heav'nly building ſtands.

CXXI. *Children devoted to God*, Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(For thoſe who practiſe infant baptiſm.)

Thus ſaith the mercy of the Lord
" I 'll be a God to thee,
" I 'll bleſs thy num'rous race, and they
" Shall be a ſeed for me."

2. Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace
And gave his ſons to God,
But water ſeals the bleſſing now
That once was ſeal'd with blood.

3. Thus Lydia ſanctify'd her houſe
When ſhe receiv'd the word,
Thus the believing jailor gave
His houſehold to the Lord.

4. Thus later ſaints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truth embrace,
To thee their infant offspring bring
And humbly claim the grace.

CXXII. *Believers buried with Chriſt in baptiſm*, Rom. vi. 3, 4, *&c.*

Do we not know that ſolemn word
That we are bury'd with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our ſin?

2. Our ſouls receive diviner breath
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Chriſt ariſe,
And lives to God above the ſkies.

3. No more let ſin or Satan reign
Over our mortal fleſh again;
The various luſts we ſerv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The repenting prodigal*, Luke xv. 13, *&c.*

Behold the wretch whoſe luſt and wine
Had waſted his eſtate,
He begs a ſhare amongſt the ſwine
To taſte the huſks they eat!

2. "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I ſtarve in foreign lands,
"My father's houſe has large ſupplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

3. "I'll go and with a mournful tongue
"Fall down before his face;
"Father I've done thy juſtice wrong,
"Nor can deſerve thy grace."

4. He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home
To ſeek his father's love;
The father ſaw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5. He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;
The rebel's heart with ſorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6. "Take off his clothes of ſhame and ſin,"
(The father gives command)
"Dreſs him in garments white and clean,
"With rings adorn his hand.

7. "A day of feaſting I ordain,
"Let mirth and joy abound,
"My ſon was dead and lives again,
"Was loſt and now is found."

CXXIV. *The firſt and ſecond Adam*, Rom. v. 12, &c.

Deep in the duſt before thy throne
Our guilt and our diſgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name
Whence ſprung our nature and our ſhame.

2. Adam the ſinner, at his fall
Death like a conq'ror ſeiz'd us all;
A thouſand newborn babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

3. But whilſt our ſpirits fill'd with awe
Behold the terrours of the law,
We ſing the honours of thy grace
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

4. We ſing thine everlaſting Son
Who join'd our nature to his own,
Adam the ſecond from the duſt
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

[5. By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his ſeed the miſchief ran,
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his ſeed made righteous too.

6. Where ſin did reign and death abound
There have the ſons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteouſneſs.]

CXXV. *Chriſt's compaſſion to the weak and tempted,* Heb. iv. 16. *and* v. 7. Matth. xii. 20.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Prieſt above,
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2. Touch'd with a ſympathy within
He knows our feeble frame,
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3. But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore
And did reſiſt to blood.

4. He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

[5. He'll never quench the ſmoking flax
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.]

6. Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

CXXVI. *Charity and uncharitableneſs*, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

Not diff'rent food or diff'rent dreſs
Compoſe the kingdoms of our Lord,
But peace, and joy, and righteouſneſs,
Faith and obedience to his word.

2. When weaker Chriſtians we deſpiſe
We do the goſpel mighty wrong,
For God the gracious and the wiſe
Receives the feeble with the ſtrong.

3. Let pride and wrath be baniſh'd hence,
Meekneſs and love our ſouls purſue,
Nor ſhall our practice give offence
To ſaints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

CXXVII. *Chriſt's invitation to ſinners*, or, *Humility and pride*, Matth. xi. 28—30.

" Come hither all ye weary ſouls,
" Ye heavy laden ſinners come,
" I'll give you reſt from all your toils,
" And raiſe you to my heav'nly home.

2. " They ſhall find reſt that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
" But paſſion rages like the ſea,
" And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

3. " Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
" My yoke and bear it with delight;
" My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
" My grace ſhall make the burden light."

4. Jeſus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

CXXVIII. *The apostles' commission, or, The gospel attested by miracles*, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matth. xxviii. 18, &c.

" Go preach my gofpel," faith the Lord,
" Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
" He fhall be fav'd that trufts my word,
" He fhall be damn'd that won't believe.

[2. " I'll make your great commiffion known,
" And ye fhall prove my gofpel true
" By all the works that I have done,
" By all the wonders ye fhall do.

3. " Go heal the fick, go raife the dead,
" Go caft out devils in my name,
" Nor let my prophets be afraid
" Tho' Greeks reproach and Jews blafpheme.]

4. " Teach all the nations my commands,
" I'm with you till the world fhall end;
" All pow'r is trufted in my hands,
" I can deftroy and I defend."

5. He fpake, and light fhone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the fartheft nations fpread
The grace of their afcended God.

CXXIX. *Submiſſion and deliverance*, or, *Abraham offering his ſon*, Gen. xxii. 6, *&c.*

SAINTS at your Father's heav'nly word
Give up your comforts to the Lord,
He ſhall reſtore what you reſign,
Or grant you bleſſings more divine.
2. So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his ſon at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful ſtroke.
3. "Abra'm forbear," the angel cry'd,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd,
"Thy ſon ſhall live, and in thy ſeed
"Shall the whole earth be bleſs'd indeed."
4. Juſt in the laſt diſtreſſing hour
The Lord diſplays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we ſhall ſee ſurpriſing grace.

CXXX. *Love and hatred*, Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, *&c.*

Now by the bowels of my God,
His ſharp diſtreſs, his ſore complaints,
By his laſt groans, his dying blood,
I charge my ſoul to love the ſaints.
2. Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and ſpite for ever ceaſe,
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongſt the ſaints, the ſons of peace.

3. The Spirit like a peaceful dove
Flies from the realms of noiſe and ſtrife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life?
4. Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thro' all our lives let mercy run,
So God forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear ſake of Chriſt his Son.

CXXXI. *The Phariſee and Publican*, Luke xviii. 10, &c.

Behold how ſinners diſagree,
The Publican and Phariſee!
One doth his righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and ſhame.
2. This man at humble diſtance ſtands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands,
That boldly riſes near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
3. The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent anſwers he beſtows,
The humble ſoul with grace he crowns,
Whilſt on the proud his anger frowns.
4. Dear Father! let me never be
Join'd with the boaſting Phariſee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the ſuff'rings of thy Son.

CXXXII. *Holineſs and grace,* Tit. ii. 10—13.

So let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs,
So let our works and virtues ſhine
To prove the doctrine all divine.
2. Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.
3. Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride,
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
4. Religion bears our ſpirits up
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

CXXXIII. *Love and charity,* 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

Let Phariſees of high eſteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream
If love be wanting there.

2. Love ſuffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte,
She lets the preſent inj'ry die
And long forgets the paſt.

[3. Malice and rage, thoſe fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue,
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' ſhe endure the wrong.]

[4. She nor deſires nor ſeeks to know
The ſcandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe that climb.]

5. She lays her own advantage by
To ſeek her neighbour's good,
So God's own Son came down to die
And bought our lives with blood.

6. Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But ſaints for ever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without Love*, 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe,
If love be abſent I am found
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

2. Were I inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
3. Should I diſtribute all my ſtore
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name.
4. If love to God and love to men
Be abſent all my hopes are vain,
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

CXXXV. *The love of Chriſt ſhed abroad in the heart,* Eph. iii. 16, &c.

Come, deareſt Lord! deſcend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt,
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expreſt.
2. Come fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs
And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.
3. Now to the God, whoſe pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done
By all the church thro' Chriſt his Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and hypocriſy*, or, *Formality in worſhip*, John iv. 24. Pſal. cxxxix. 23, 24.

God is a ſpirit juſt and wiſe,
He ſees our inmoſt mind,
In vain to heav'n we raiſe our cries
And leave our ſouls behind.

2. Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the diſguiſe they wear.

3. Their lifted eyes ſalute the ſkies,
Their bending knees the ground,
But God abhors the ſacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4. Lord! ſearch my thoughts and try my ways,
And make my ſoul ſincere,
Then ſhall I ſtand before thy face
And find acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by grace in Chriſt.* 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

Now to the pow'r of God ſupreme
Be everlaſting honours giv'n,
He ſaves from hell, (we bleſs his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2. Not for our duties or deſerts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works ſalvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praiſe.

3. 'Twas his own purpoſe that begun
To reſcue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Chriſt his Son
Before he ſpread the ſtarry ſky.

4. Jeſus the Lord appears at laſt
And makes his Father's counſels known,
Declares the great tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down.

5. He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell deſtroy;
Riſing he brought our heav'n to light,
And took poſſeſſion of the joy.

CXXXVIII. *Saints in the hands of Chriſt*, John x. 28, 29.

Firm as the earth thy goſpel ſtands
My Lord, my hope, my truſt!
If I am found in Jeſus' hands
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

2. His honour is engag'd to ſave
The meaneſt of his ſheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands ſecurely keep.

3. Nor death nor hell ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breaſt;
In the dear boſom of his love
They muſt for ever reſt.

CXXXIX. *Hope in the covenant*, or, *God's promiſe and truth unchangeable*, Heb. vi. 17—19.

How oft' have ſin and Satan ſtrove
To rend my ſoul from thee my God?
But everlaſting is thy love,
And Jeſus ſeals it with his blood.

2. The oath and promiſe of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal Pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endleſs praiſe.

3. Amidſt temptations ſharp and long
My ſoul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and ſtrong
While tempeſts blow and billows riſe.

4. The goſpel bears my ſpirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promiſes, and blood.

CXL. *A living and a dead faith, collected from ſeveral ſcriptures.*

Mistaken ſouls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boaſt
Of inward joys and ſins forgiv'n
While they are ſlaves to luſt.

2. Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living pow'r unites
To Chriſt the living head.

3. 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all ſinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4. 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celeſtial pow'r:
This is the grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour.

[5. Faith muſt obey her Father's will
As well as truſt his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous ſtill
For his own holineſs.

6. When from the curſe he ſets us free
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he ſend his Son to be
The miniſter of ſin.

7. His Spirit purifies our frame
And ſeals our peace with God;
Jeſus and his ſalvation came
By water and by blood.]

CXLI. *The humiliation and exaltation of Chriſt*, Iſa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

Who has believ'd thy word
Or thy ſalvation known:
Reveal thine arm almighty Lord
And glorify thy Son.

2. The Jews eſteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were
And his companion grief.

3. They turn'd their eyes away
And treated him with ſcorn,
But 't was their grief upon him lay,
Their ſorrows he has borne.

4. 'Twas for the ſtubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
His beſt-beloved Son.

5. " But I 'll prolong his days
" And make his kingdom ſtand,
" My pleaſure" (ſaith the God of grace)
" Shall proſper in his hand.

[6. " His joyful ſoul ſhall ſee
" The purchaſe of his pain,
" And by his knowledge juſtify
" The guilty ſouls of men.]

[7. " Then thouſand captive ſlaves
" Releas'd from death and ſin
" Shall quit their priſons and their graves
" And own his pow'r divine.]

[8. " Heav'n ſhall advance my Son
" To joys that earth deny'd,
" Who ſaw the follies men had done,
" And bore their ſins and dy'd."]

CXLII. *The ſame*, Iſa. liii. 6—9, 12.

Like ſheep we went aſtray
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2. How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3. How glorious was the grace
When Chriſt ſuſtain'd the ſtroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ranſom for the flock.

4. His honour and his breath
Were taken both away,
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5. But God ſhall raiſe his head
O'er all the ſons of men,
And make him ſee a num'rous ſeed
To recompenſe his pain.

6. "I'll give him" (ſaith the Lord)
"A portion with the ſtrong;
"He ſhall poſſeſs a large reward
"And hold his honours long."

CXLIII. *Characters of the children of God from several scriptures.*

So newborn babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

[2. With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates,
They love the men their Father loves
And hate the works he hates.]

[3. Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They cann't forget their heav'nly birth
Nor grovel in the dust.

4. Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice,
Faith like a conq'ror can produce
A thousand victories.]

[5. Grace like an uncorrupted seed
Abides and reigns within,
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

[6. Not by the terrours of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7. They find acceſs at ev'ry hour
To God within the vail,
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r
And joys that never fail. 28

8. O happy ſouls! O glorious ſtate
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell ſo near their Father's ſeat
And ſee his lovely face! 32

9. Lord! I addreſs thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine. 36

10. There ſhed thy choiceſt loves abroad
And make my comforts ſtrong,
Then ſhall I ſay, "My Father God"
With an unwav'ring tongue. 40

CXLIV. *The witneſſing and ſealing Spirit*, Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

Why ſhould the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! deſcend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace. 4

2. Doſt thou not dwell in all the ſaints
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints
And ſhow my ſins forgiv'n? 8

3. Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witneſs with my heart
That I am born of God.

4. Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come,
And thy ſoft wings, celeſtial Dove,
Will ſafe convey me home.

CXLV. *Chriſt and Aaron, taken from* Heb. vii. *and* ix.

Jesus! in thee our eyes behold
A thouſand glories more
Than the rich gems and poliſh'd gold
The ſon of Aaron wore.

2. They firſt their own burntoff'rings brought
To purge themſelves from ſin,
Thy life was pure without a ſpot
And all thy nature clean.

[3. Freſh blood as conſtant as the day
Was on their altar ſpilt,
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

[4. Their prieſthood ran thro' ſev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office ſtands
Eternal as thy days.]

[5. Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears
Before the golden throne.

6. But Chriſt by his own pow'rful blood
Aſcends above the ſkies,
And in the preſence of our God
Shows his own ſacrifice.]

7. Jeſus the King of glory reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill,
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his Prieſthood ſtill.

8. He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him my ſoul thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

CXLVI. *Characters of Chriſt borrowed from inanimate things in ſcripture.*

Go worſhip at Emanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

[2. The whole creation can afford
But ſome faint ſhadows of my Lord;
Nature to make his beauties known
Muſt mingle colours not her own.]

[3. Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread?
Dear Lord! our ſouls would thus be fed;
That fleſh that dying blood of thine
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

[4. Is he a Tree? the world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous Branch that fruitful Bough
Is David's root and offſpring too.]

[5. Is he a Roſe? not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields,
Or if the Lily he aſſume
The vallies bleſs the rich perfume.]

[6. Is he a Vine? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
O let a laſting union join
My ſoul to Chriſt the living vine!]

[7. Is he the Head? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The ſaints below and ſaints above
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

[8. Is he a Fountain? there I bathe,
And heal the plague of ſin and death;
Theſe waters all my ſoul renew,
And cleanſe my ſpotted garments too.]

[9. Is he a Fire? he'll purge my droſs,
But the true gold ſuſtains no loſs;
Like a refiner ſhall he ſit,
And tread the refuſe with his feet.]

[10. Is he a Rock? how firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the ſweet ſtreams that from him flow
Attend us all the deſert thro'.]

[11. Is he a Way? he leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

[12. Is he a Door? I'll enter in,
Behold the paſtures large and green,
A Paradiſe divinely fair;
None but the ſheep have freedom there.]

[13. Is he deſign'd a Corner-ſtone
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

[14. Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majeſty and pow'r,
And ſtill to his moſt holy place
Whene'er I pray I turn my face.]

[15. Is he a Star? he breaks the night,
Piercing the ſhades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright the morning-ſtar.]

[16. Is he a Sun? his beams are grace,
His courſe is joy and righteouſneſs;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chaſe their clouds and dry their tears.]

17. O let me climb thoſe higher ſkies
Where ſtorms and darkneſs never riſe!
There he diſplays his pow'rs abroad,
And ſhines and reigns th' incarnate God.

18. Nor earth, nor ſeas, nor ſun, nor ſtars,
Nor heav'n, his full reſemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace
Till we behold him face to face.

CXLVII. *The names and titles of Chriſt from ſeveral ſcriptures.*

['TIS from the treaſures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can ſupply
Sufficient forms of majeſty.

2. Bright image of the Father's face
Shining with undiminiſh'd rays,
Th' Eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]

3. The King of kings, the Lord moſt high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh,
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4. Where grace can neither melt nor move
The Lamb reſents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5. But when for works of peace he comes
What winning titles he aſſumes!
Light of the World, and Life of Men,
Nor bears thoſe characters in vain.

6. With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part,
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7. At length the Judge his throne aſcends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And ſaints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

CXLVIII. *The ſame as the* cxlviiith *Pſalm.*

With cheerful voice I ſing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word.
Nature and art
Can ne'er ſupply
Sufficient forms
Of majeſty.

2. In Jeſus we behold
His Father's glorious face
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays;

Th' Eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]

3. The fov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords moft high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is call'd
"The Word of God;"
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4. Where promifes and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb refents
The inj'ries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

5. But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he affumes!
"Light of the World,
"And Life of Men!"
Nor will he bear
Thofe names in vain.

6. Immenſe compaſſion reigns
In our Emanuel's heart
When he deſcends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a friend
And brother too
Divinely kind
Divinely true.

7. At length the Lord the Judge
His awful throne aſcends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends;
Then ſhall the ſaints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

CXLIX. *The offices of Chriſt from ſeveral ſcriptures.*

Join all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet Emanuel's glory forth.

2. But O, what condeſcending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears to me.

[3. The Angel of the cov'nant ſtands
With his commiſſion in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great ſalvation known.]

[4. Great Prophet! let me bless thy name,
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

[5. My bright Example and my Guide
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

[6. I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

[7. My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

[8. Jesus, my great High Priest, has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

[9. My advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by:
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

[10. My Lord, my Conq'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

[3. Array'd in mortal fleſh
He like an angel ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands;
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's throne
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

[4. Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news
Of ſins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd,
And peace with Heav'n.]

[5. Be thou my Counſellor,
My Patron and my Guide,
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep me near thy ſide.
O let my feet
Ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove nor ſeek
The crooked way!]

[6. I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul among
The thouſands of his ſheep:

[11. Aspire my soul to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day
Tho' Death and Hell obstruct the way.]
12. Should Death, and Hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

CL. *The same as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

Join all the glorious names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.
2. But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.]

[7. To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]

[8. Jesus, my great High Priest!
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

[9. My Advocate appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows his ears
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say
Shall turn his heart
His love away.]

[10. My dear almighty Lord,
My Conq'ror and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

[11. Now let my soul arise
And tread the tempter down,
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the way.]

12. Should all the hosts of Death
And pow'rs of Hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe,
For Christ displays
Superiour pow'r
And guardian grace.

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END OF VOLUME THIRD.